

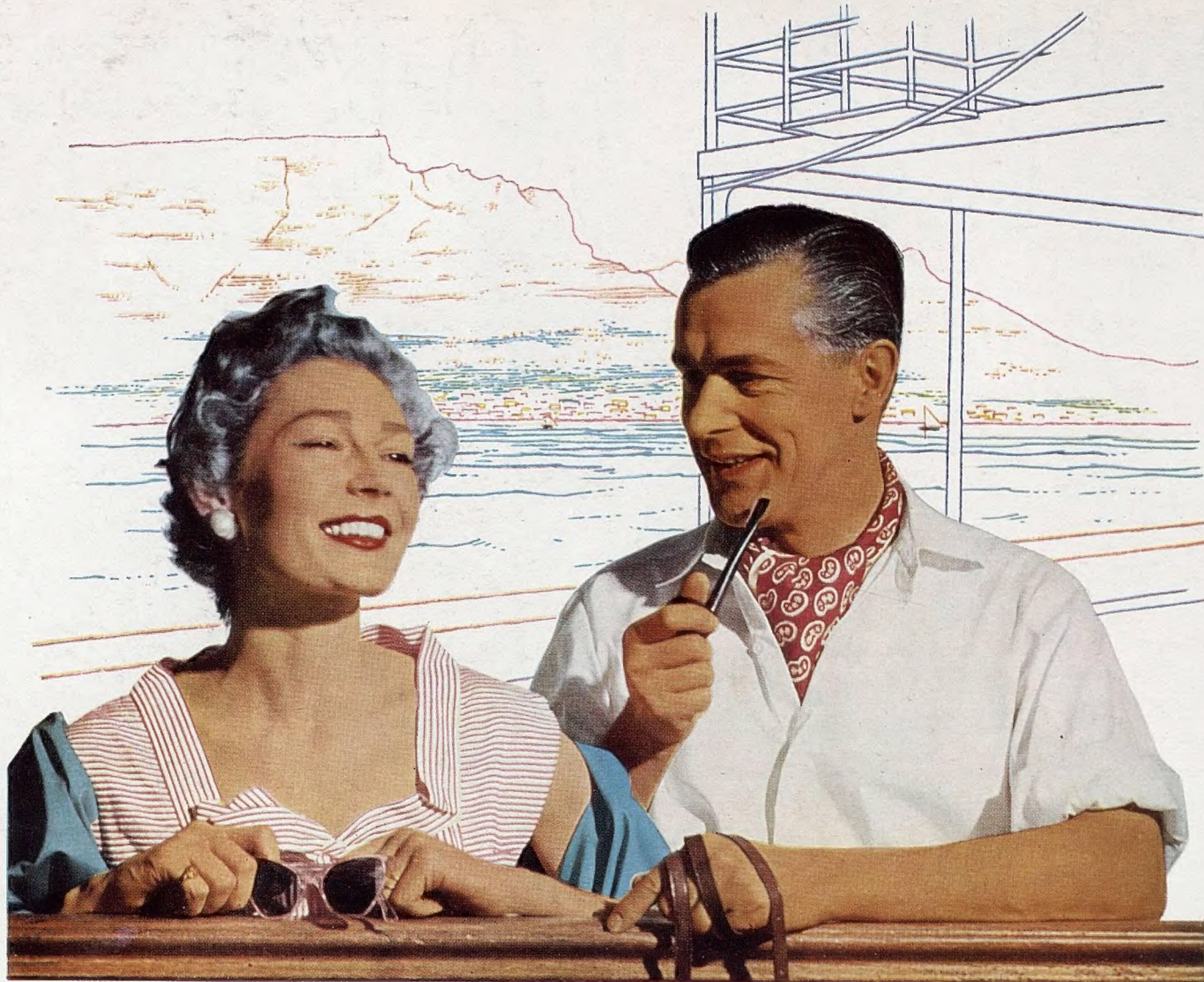
the Tatler

SEPT. 26, 1956
TWO SHILLINGS

& BYSTANDER



AUTUMN FASHIONS NUMBER



What a wonderful holiday we've had...

"All good things come to an end . . . and here we are homeward bound. But what a host of wonderful experiences and adventures we've enjoyed.

Naturally we went to the game reserves . . . everybody does. You tour around in a car and see all manner of wild animals, including the lordly lion. Our cameras were kept busy all the time and we got some amazing shots.

That's not all by any means. We bathed in the warm Indian Ocean at lovely, lively resorts. We visited Native kraals and were intrigued by their quaint dress and customs. And think of it, glorious warm sunshine beamed on us every day.

It's quite the most wonderful holiday we've ever had."



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Time for dancing

South Africa



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A *Harro* model
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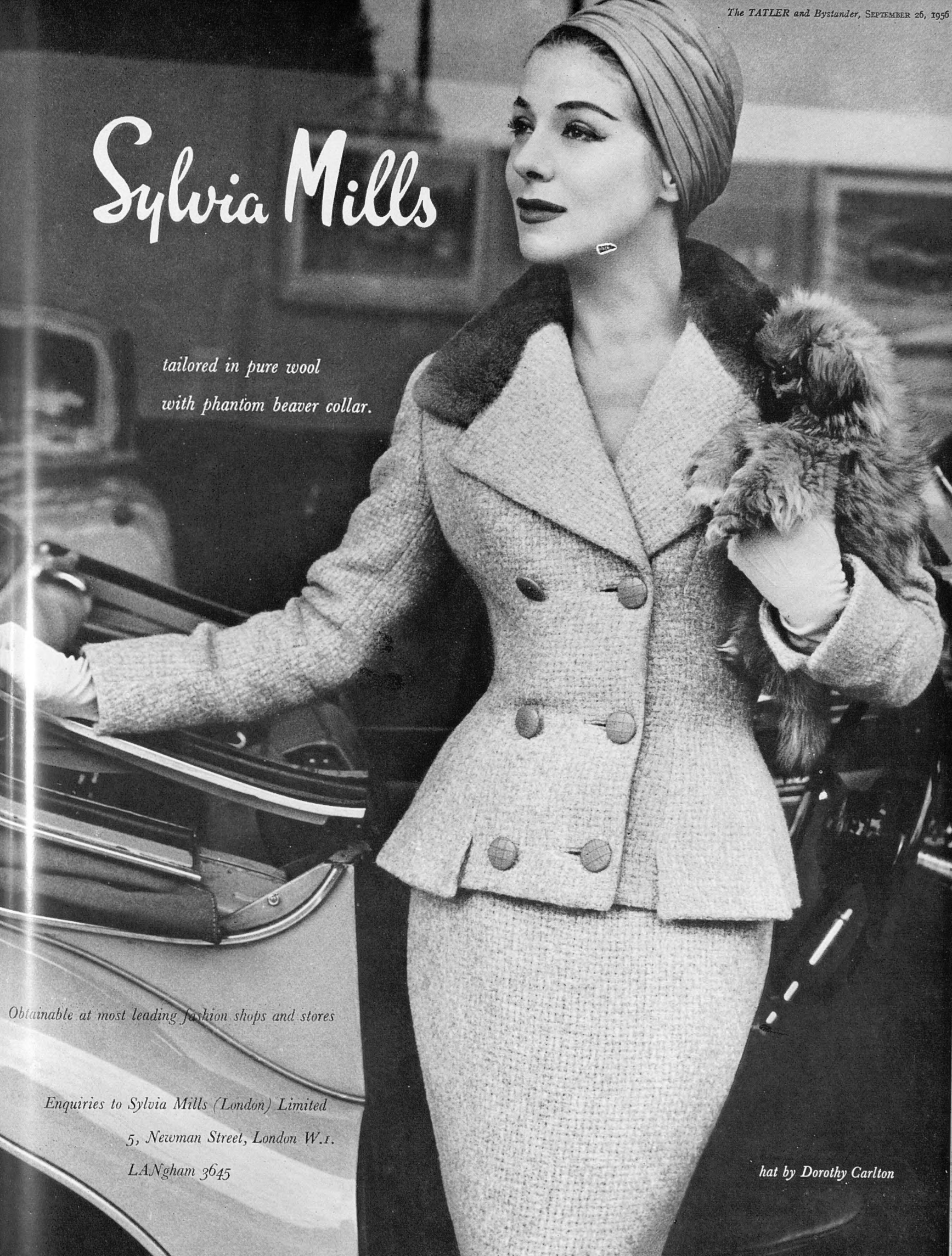
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The TATLER and Bystander, SEPTEMBER 26, 1956



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Made by our own milliners, the orange blossom and pearl coronet is mounted on a short full veil.

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Nylotte fully fashioned Lace Net. 9/11 a pair

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Sheer perfection for elegant street clothes. Fully fashioned. From 6/11 a pair

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and—new nylon miracle . . .

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FOUR SIZES ENSURE FLAWLESS FIT

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From a painting by Lulu Dyer of Limuru, Kenya, whose work has attracted so much attention in Africa.

Africa is not so dark nowadays

THE COOL Highlands of Kenya tower 2,000 feet above the dry barren floor of the Great Rift Valley. Connecting the two, runs a long winding road built by Italian prisoners of war from Abyssinia. On the sun-lit plain below, the nomadic Masai still graze their herds as in centuries past. Although their principal diet is unchanged—cow's blood and milk—it is now supplemented by tea and sugar brought from the lonely little trading posts in the Great Rift Valley.

And to those trading posts, down that long winding road, past giant Candelabra trees and through thick forest where lurk scattered Mau Mau gangs, the little red Brooke Bond van takes regular supplies of fresh tea and coffee. It is playing its part in bringing civilization to a fast awakening Continent.

Brooke Bond has its own fleet of Sales Vans, covering

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In Africa, as in Britain, and indeed wherever tea is drunk, they know that Brooke Bond stands for good tea—and fresh tea! That is why the little red vans are always so busy at home and abroad.

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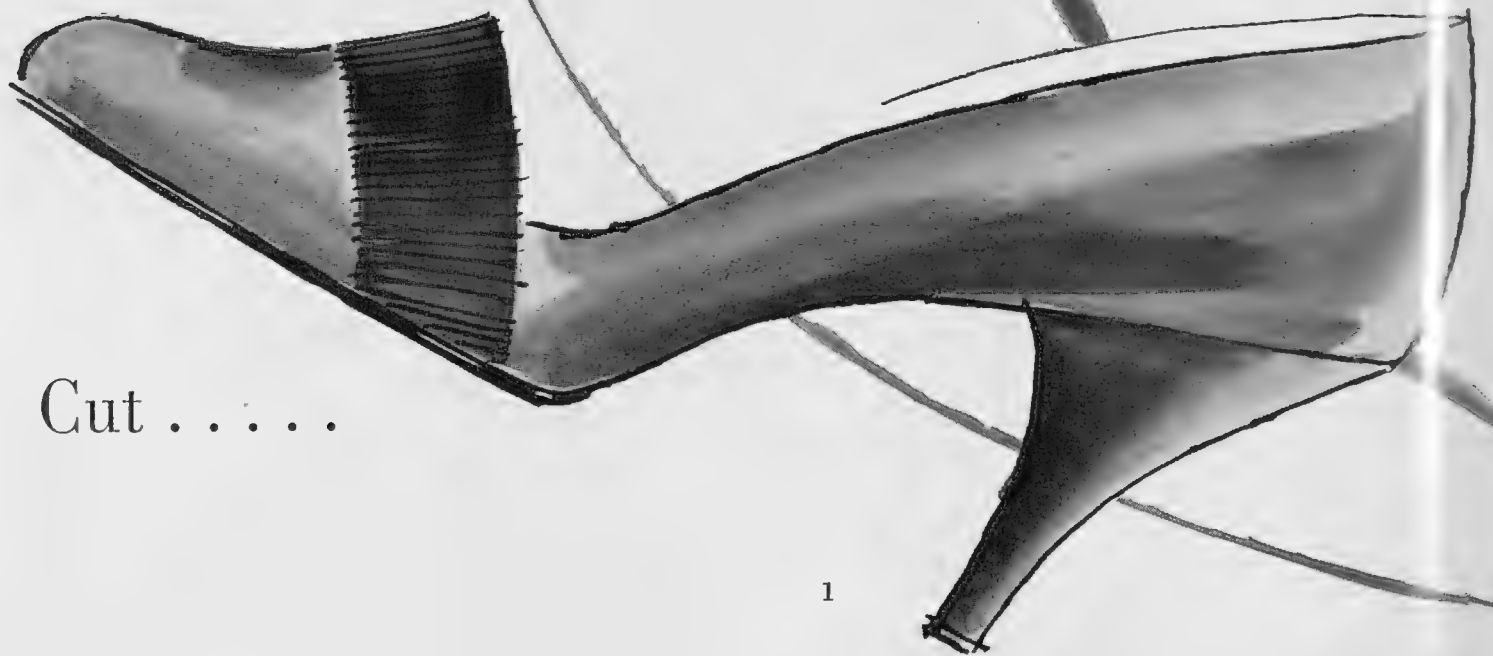
Scimitar Cut—

the chopped shoe front,
the straight-across cut from Paris.

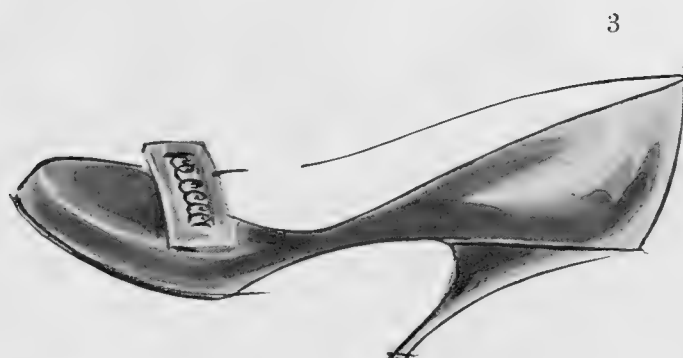
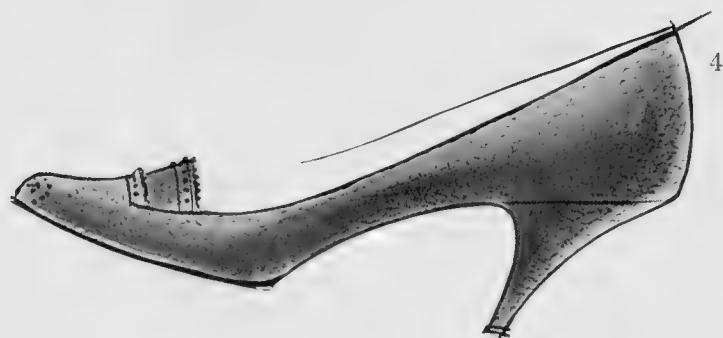
In Skyline courts
slashed down to the ground,
coolly dramatic,
plain as a blade.

Scimitar

Cut



1



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Your length-size of Skyline is made in several widths.

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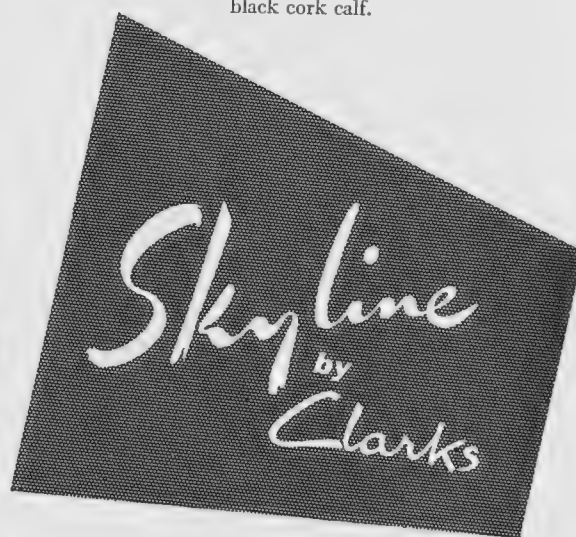
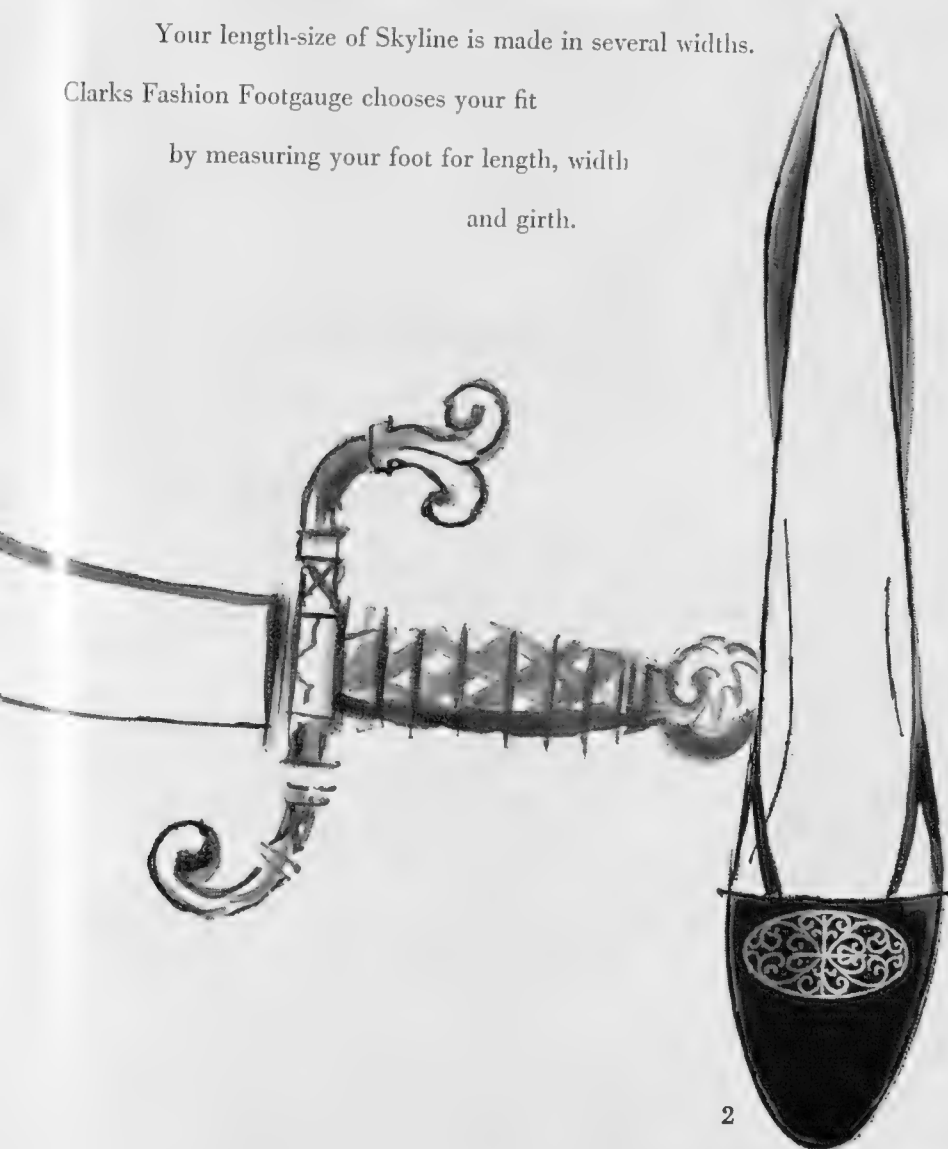
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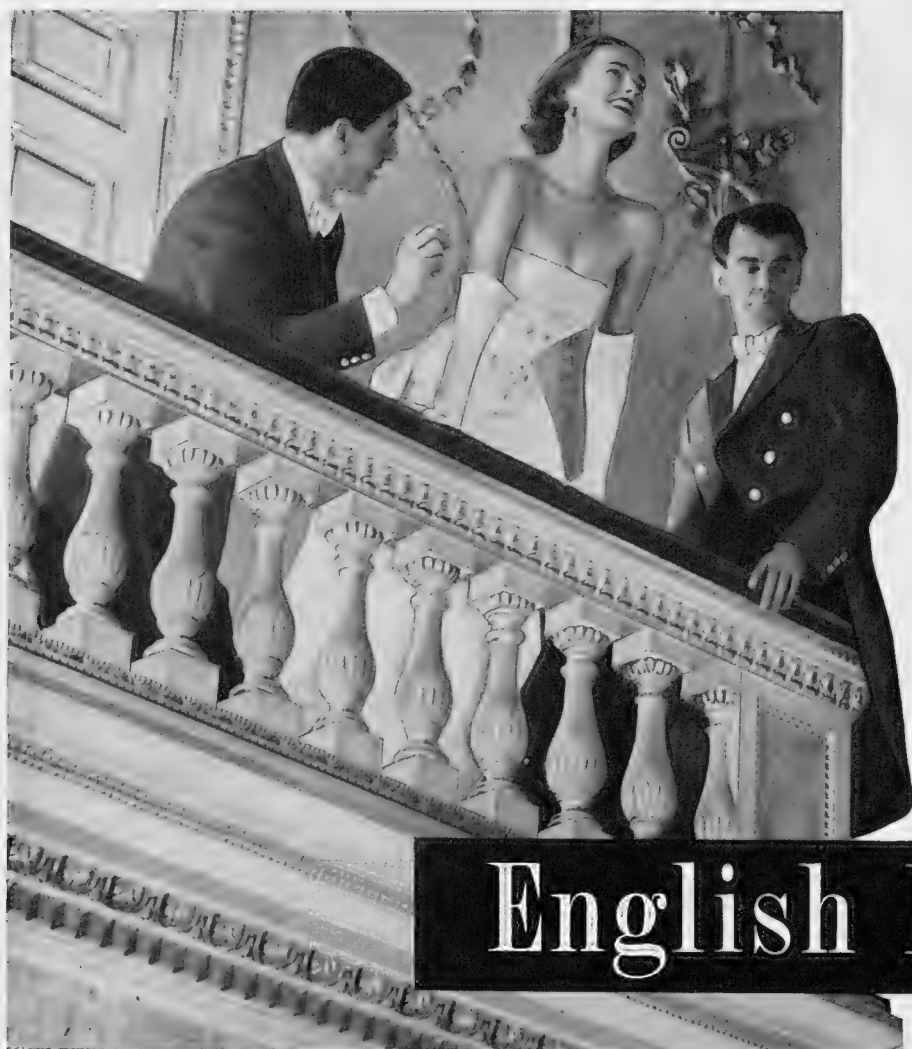
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A Jersey from Vienna with a deep V neckline, tapered off with a fringe. The three-quarter sleeves are designed for comfort and elegance.

Colours: Black, Ice Blue, Aquamarine, Mist Green, Carnation Pink, Cambridge Blue.

Sizes: 36-40

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For his handicap's sake, he should confine his inspirations to his Hay Hill salons. They are, after all, a joy. The pale green-and-white Adam rooms are the most pleasant surroundings ever devised for the art and practice of *haute coiffure*. And RICHÉ makes these salons his only ones—so that he may always be found in attendance.

Inhabit them for a quiet hour or morning—and you emerge toward Berkeley Square in a glow of fashionable well-being. Agreeably surprised that you have spent no shameful sum. A shampoo and set, for example, may cost as little as 18/6. A sachet of Champagne Shampoo, 1/-. (*Tres eclatant!*) Venez donc!



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Coats: Third Floor.

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SWAN & EDGAR LTD Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

Regent 1616



THE SVELTE lines and contrasting colours of The TATLER cover this week, designed by the artist Degil, strike the keynote of our Autumn Fashion Number. During the past few weeks we have featured clothes by the great Parisian and London designers, and it will be obvious from these and the fashions shown this week that there are no extreme or startlingly new lines. There is instead a general accent on elegance, femininity, colour and texture of materials, often inspired, it would seem, by the romantic and luxurious grace of the Edwardian era

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From September 26 to October 3

Sept. 26 (Wed.) Brighton Flower Show (two days), Brighton, Sussex.

Shire Horse Foal Stakes Show, Derby.

Canine Society Show, Folkestone, Kent.

Golf: Amateur International Matches (to 28th), Muirfield, East Lothian.

Racing at Pontefract (two days), and steeplechasing at Ludlow and Perth (both two days).

Sept. 27 (Thurs.) Women of the Year Luncheon at the Savoy Hotel.

Dance: Mrs. Angus MacKinnon for her daughter, Miss Victoria Stebbins, in London.

The Perth Hunt Ball, Scotland.

Racing at Ascot Heath (three day meeting).

Sept. 28 (Fri.) Braque Exhibition (to November 10), the Tate Gallery.

British Friesian Cattle Society Heifer Show and Sale, Reading, Berkshire.

First night: Chinese Variety at the Prince's Theatre.

Dances: Mrs. Stewart Owler for her daughter, Miss Felicity Frazer, at The Green, Hampton Court; Mrs. Kirwan for her daughter Miss Sonia Kirwan at the Ski Club of Great Britain.

The Angus Ball.

Military Ball at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay.

Racing at Ascot Heath and steeplechasing at Newton Abbot (two days).

Sept. 29 (Sat.) Election of the Lord Mayor, Guildhall, London.

Royal East Berkshire Show, Maidenhead, Berkshire.

Dance: Mrs. Maurice Pryor and Mrs. Gerald Thubron for their daughters, Miss Penelope Pryor and Miss Carol Thubron, at The Gallops, Ditchling, Sussex.

Racing at Ascot Heath, Chepstow, Thirsk, Hamilton Park, and steeplechasing at Hexham and Stratford-upon-Avon.

Sept. 30 (Sun.)

Oct. 1 (Mon.) Pheasant Shooting begins.

Croquet: Devonshire Park Tournament (to 13th), Eastbourne, Sussex.

Exhibition: Fashion in Footwear (to 5th), Washington Hotel, London.

Racing at Birmingham and steeplechasing at Hexham and Wye.

Oct. 2 (Tues.) Ponies of Britain Show, Springwood Park, Kelso, Roxburghshire.

Aberdeen Angus Show and Sale, Leicester.

Rugby Football: Harlequins v. Cardiff (floodlit match), at the White City.

Racing at Newmarket (first October Meeting—three days).

Oct. 3 (Wed.) English Jersey Cattle Society Show and Sale (two days), Reading, Berks.

First night: The Bolshoi Ballet at Covent Garden.

Dance: Mrs. Rolf Thoresen for her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Thoresen, in London.

Racing at Newmarket and Haydock Park (two days).

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Dark Grey, Light Grey,
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Hips 36"-42"
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Bradleys Persian lamb coat



Vivienne

A great authority on fashions

LADY PAMELA BERRY, who is the daughter of the first Earl of Birkenhead and a sister of the present Earl, is well known as the President of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. She is

married to the Hon. Michael Berry, brother of the present Viscount Camrose, who is the Editor-in-Chief of the "Daily Telegraph" and Chairman of Amalgamated Press Ltd. They have four children



F. J. Goodman

PRESENTED IN 1956

MISS JOANNA POETT is the debutante daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Nigel Poett. She has travelled widely with her family, having visited Greece, Egypt, Malaya and New Zealand, and will accompany her parents to Camberley, where her father is to be Commandant of the Staff College

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE AUTUMNAL GAIETIES

FROM now on London will be filling up, and settling down to the "Little Season," which in recent years has been nearly as full as the summer season. The Queen and other members of the Royal Family are expected back in London from Scotland early next month, and many people have already returned from their holidays, though Scotland still holds a number of shooting and stalking enthusiasts. A number of the younger generation are spending this week in Perthshire for the Perth Races and two Perth Balls, last night and tomorrow night, the 25th and 27th, followed by the smaller Angus Ball on Friday next, the 28th.

Quite a lot of private dances have been arranged for débutantes this autumn. Tomorrow night, the 27th, Mrs. Angus MacKinnon is giving a dance in London for her daughter Miss Victoria Stebbins, and on the following night, 28th, Mrs. Kirwan is giving one for Miss Sonia Kirwan at the Ski Club of Great Britain in Eaton Square, and Mrs. Stewart Owler a dance for her daughter Miss Felicity Frazer at The Green, Hampton Court.

ON Saturday night, the 29th, Mrs. Maurice Pryor and Mrs. Gerald Thubron give one for Miss Penelope Pryor and Miss Carol Thubron at the Gallops, Ditchling, Sussex. Next week, on Wednesday, October 3, Mrs. Rolf Thoresen gives a small dance in London for Miss Elizabeth Thoresen who came out this summer; and for the following night a similar event has been arranged by the Hon. Mrs. Claud Knight, Mrs. De Salis and Mrs. Robert Buxton at 6 Belgrave Square for Miss Patricia Knight, Miss Lucinda De Salis and Miss Lavinia

Buxton, who all made their début this year. The next night, Friday, 5th, many young friends will go off to Hertfordshire, where Mrs. William Tufton has a small dance at Crowbury House, Watton-at-Stone, for Miss Jennifer Tufton. On Tuesday, October 9, the Duchess of Kent is giving a small dance at Coppins, to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of her son the Duke of Kent. On Friday, October 12, Mrs. Scobie Gilmer and Mrs. Robert Fender are joint hostesses for their débutante daughters Miss Belinda Gilmer and Miss Fiona Fender; this will take place at Knebworth House, Hertfordshire. On Monday, October 15, Mrs. Eric Dugdale is giving a dance in London for her daughter Miss Caroline Dugdale, an attractive and intelligent girl who has been a great success this season, while on Tuesday, 16th, Mrs. A. R. B. Owen has arranged one for her daughter, Miss Mairi Owen, at Claridge's the Hyde Park Hotel.

THERE is to be a regimental ball also at the Hyde Park Hotel, the following night, arranged by the C.O. and officers of the 11th Hussars to celebrate their homecoming after twenty-two years. It should be a very colourful affair. On Thursday, 18th, Mrs. John Bradford and Mrs. Charles Peczenik are giving a joint dance at Claridge's for Miss Alison Bradford and Miss Sheila Peczenik.

Then there is a gap of nearly a month in private and débutante dances until Wednesday, November 14, when Mrs. Geoffrey Scott gives a dance in London for Miss Rosamund Scott. The next one is on Friday, November 30, Mrs. d'Abreu's, for Miss Clare and Miss Felicity d'Abreu, at Coughton Court, Alcester. On Tuesday, December 4, the Hon. Lady Gibbs and Mrs. Desmond Abel Smith are giving one in

London for their daughters Miss Elizabeth Gibbs and Miss Clare Abel Smith. Finally, Mrs. Derek Schreiber will close the 1956 dances for débutantes with her ball for her very attractive and charmingly mannered daughter, Baroness d'Arcy de Knayth, which is to take place at Claridge's on Tuesday, December 11—the night of the Oxford and Cambridge Rugby match at Twickenham, which is always a gay night in London for young people.

There is the usual spate of charity dances during the "Little Season." Perhaps the gayest and most social of these will be the "After Dinner Pay Party" in aid of the National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research at the May Fair Hotel on Monday, November 5. Lady Daphne Straight is chairman of the committee organizing this party in aid of a very excellent cause, and her numerous gay and amusing friends are sure to support her in this effort. The party begins at ten p.m. and tickets include breakfast, while at midnight Boscoe Holder and his Caribbean dancers will appear. Tickets for this party, which I predict will be the best of the "little season," may be obtained from the Lady Daphne Straight, N.F.P.R., Vincent House, Vincent Square, S.W.1.

Other dances arranged for this autumn include a ball at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead, in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade on October 5, the Lord's Taverners Ball at Grosvenor House on October 8. Tickets for this annual event, which is in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, can be had from the Lord's Taverners, 66 Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7. A dinner and ball at the Savoy Hotel on October 17 is in aid of the British Schools Exploring Society. It is under the presidency of Lady Grantchester and chairmanship of Lady Petre, from whom tickets can be obtained at 79 Davies Street, W.1. The Monte Carlo Rally Ball to be held at the Savoy Hotel on October 23 is in aid of the Gosfield Hall Appeal. Tickets for this ball come from Miss Irene D. Edwards, 50a Curzon Street, W.1.

PRINCESS MARIE-LOUISE is again President of the 500 Ball for the British Rheumatic Association to be held at Claridge's on October 24. Tickets are obtainable from the Hon. Organizer, B.R.A., 11 Beaumont Street, W.1. The Hallow-e'en Ball in aid of the National Children Adoption Association, at which H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, hopes to be present, will take place at the Dorchester on October 31 and the Chairman, Lady Huggins, has tickets at 71 Knightsbridge, S.W.1. On the same evening, October 31, the Fiesta Ball to raise funds for the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency will take place at the May Fair Hotel. Mrs. Leonard Simpson is chairman of this ball with Lady Anne Fummi as vice-chairman. For tickets you apply to Charles Scott-Paton, Esq., 8 Bourdon Street, Davies Street, W.1.

Tickets for the Barbecue Ball to be held at the Savoy Hotel on November 6, in aid of the National Institute for the Deaf are obtainable from Mrs. Olga Noble-Mathews, c/o N.I.F.T.D., 105 Gower Street, W.C.1. The annual U.N.A. International Ball at the Dorchester Hotel will be held this year on November 14 and application for tickets should be made to the chairman, Lady Grantchester, at 25 Charles Street, W.1. Another annual event is the dance in aid of the Katherine Low Settlement, which is to take place at the Hyde Park Hotel on November 21. The Maple Leaf Ball is going to be held at the Dorchester Hotel on November 28, and the Snow Ball, for which Mrs. Tom Page is once again chairman, is also taking place at the Dorchester on December 11. This ball, which is always well run, is organized annually to raise funds for the United Appeal for the Blind. Tickets come from Mrs. Tom Page, c/o United Appeal for the Blind, 28 Manchester Street, W.1. The Liberal Ball is to be held the following night, December 12, at the Dorchester, while the Downside, Ascot and Ampleforth dinner dance on December 17, also to be held at the Dorchester, is the last of the dances I have in my diary, so far, for the little season.

THE many fairs and bazaars arranged during the next three months provide a splendid opportunity for buying one's Christmas presents. Among them are the Trafalgar Fair at Londonderry House on October 18. It is to be opened at 11 a.m. by the Lady Mayoress. The 6th of November is the first day of the two-day Christmas Fair in aid of the Y.W.C.A. at the Hyde Park Hotel, and the sale of art treasures at Christies in aid of the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth. On the same day there will be a Christmas bazaar at Caxton Hall in aid of the City of Westminster branch of the N.S.P.C.C. This bazaar started four years ago in a very small way, with a target of £150. The first year this sum was doubled and last year it made over £550 after all expenses had been paid. Another Christmas Fair, combined with the Annual Bridge Tournament, will be held at the Dorchester Hotel on December 3, also in aid of the N.S.P.C.C.

Tonight, the 26th, that brilliant young pianist Eric Heidsieck, will be soloist with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall.

The most exciting event in the theatre this little season is the forthcoming visit of the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet from Moscow, for a three and a half weeks' season at the Royal Opera House, Covent



THE DONCASTER SALES

EXCELLENT prices were realized at the Doncaster Yearling Sales, at which spectators included (above) Mrs. Thomson Jones and Mrs. B. Bruce

The Hon. Mrs. Wellesley with Mr. F. Winter the trainer

Mrs. Johnson Houghton was watching with Mr. C. Jeudein



Mr. and Mrs. Ryan Jarvis were comparing impressions

Major-Gen. Sir Randle Feilden and Mr. J. Clayton

{Continued overleaf



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THE HON. EDMUND and Mrs. Ironside are seen with their daughter Fiona and their baby son, who was recently christened Charles Edmund Grenville at St. Mary's Church, Wootton, near Bedford

Garden. This opens on October 3 until October 27. The company of dancers will be led by Galina Ulanova, and will give four full-length ballets. These are *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *Giselle*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai*, with music by Boris Asafiev. In the last weeks of the little season hunt balls begin but are not so plentiful as in the New Year, when there are sometimes several on one night. It is incredible how far ahead plans for dances are made these days. By the end of July I had the dates of over a dozen débutante dances for next summer, and others are being arranged every week.

MANY friends of both families came to the Suffolk wedding of Mr. Nigel Stourton, son of Mr. Ivo Stourton and the late Mrs. Stourton, and Miss Jennifer Abbott, daughter of Mr. Justice Abbott of the Supreme Court at Lagos, Nigeria, and Mrs. Abbott, which took place at St. Benet's Church, Beccles. The Rev. M. B. Innes officiated and the address was given by Mgr. Ronald Knox. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of white duchesse satin, while a diamond tiara lent by Constance Lady Bacon held her tulle veil in place. She was attended by her nephew Frank Wright as page, two child bridesmaids, the bridegroom's sister Jane Stourton with Sarah Bacon, and four grown up bridesmaids. They were Miss Lavinia Bacon, Miss Susanna Shaw, Miss Rosemary Forbes and Miss Susan Allan, who wore rose-pink organza dresses, wreaths of fresh flowers, and carried sprays of myrtle.

Sir Edmund and Lady Bacon kindly lent their home, Raveningham Hall, for the reception, where Mr. Justice and Mrs. Abbott and Mr. Ivo Stourton received friends and relations who had come to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom. They included Sir Edmund and Lady Bacon, Lord Mowbray and Stourton, and the bridegroom's aunts, Mrs. Harrison-Wallace with her daughter Miss Patricia Belleville, and Mrs. Magda Buchel, the latter with her children Mr. James Hay and Miss June Ducas. Also there were Earl and Countess Attlee, Lord and Lady Somerleyton, the Hon. John Stourton, Miss Felicity Stourton and Mr. Simon Stourton, who was best man to his brother. Unlike most young couples who these days go abroad for their honeymoon, this bride and bridegroom spent theirs in Lincolnshire. The bridegroom is working with a firm in Nigeria and they will shortly be leaving to live out there.

WHEN Charles Edmund Grenville Ironside, the infant son and heir of the Hon. Edmund and Mrs. Ironside, was christened at St. Mary's Church, Wootton, near Bedford, he wore a christening robe that has been in the Ironside family for two hundred years. His godparents are Mrs. Timothy Colman, Mrs. Douglas Austin, Mr. John Carr-Ellison, Mr. Hamish Currie, Dr. David d'Ambrunil and Lt.-Cdr. Greville Cavendish, R.N.

The baby's maternal grandparents, the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Morgan-Grenville, gave a family luncheon party at Wootton House before the christening and a big christening tea party after the ceremony, at which his two year old sister Fiona looked on proudly.

The baby's paternal grandparents, Field Marshal Lord Ironside and Lady Ironside, motored over from Norfolk for the occasion. Others present included the baby's great-uncle, Major Noel Furlong and Mrs. Furlong, Dr. and Mrs. Franklin, Capt. the Hon. Harry and Mrs. Morgan-Grenville, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hemans, the Hon. Mrs. T. Morgan-Grenville and Mr. Ronald Carr-Ellison.

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THERE were many American friends among the three hundred guests at the marriage of Mr. John Butterwick, son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Butterwick of Holloway's Farm, Beaconsfield, and Miss Marcia Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hull Scott, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The service took place at St. Mary and All Saints' Church, Beaconsfield, where the vicar, the Rev. C. R. Warner officiated, assisted by the Rev. George Fox who was just back after five years in Jamaica, where he was Archdeacon. His wife, Mrs. Fox, who was also at the wedding, is a first cousin of the bridegroom and eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Davidson.

Lord and Lady Burnham kindly lent their home, Barn Hall, Beaconsfield. A fine house, it made a lovely setting for the reception. As for so many functions this year, it was a wet and windy day and guests could not enjoy the beautiful garden. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick and the bride and bridegroom received their friends in the "Long Parlour," an exquisite room constructed out of the seventeenth century stables, with lovely chandeliers and tapestries. There were beautiful flowers all over the house as well as in the church. The bridegroom's grandmother Lady Dickinson came up from Gloucestershire for the wedding, with his aunt the Hon. Mrs. Richard Dickinson, and her sons, Lord Dickinson and the Hon. David Dickinson, were ushers, assisted by Mr. Anthony Butterwick and Mr. Michael Edwards.

ANOTHER aunt of the bridegroom, Viscountess Davidson, was there with Viscount Davidson and their daughter and little grand-daughter, Catherine Fox, one of the bridegroom's many godchildren. Lord and Lady Burnham were at the wedding, as were their sons the Hon. William Lawson and the Hon. Hugh Lawson. Others present to wish happiness to the young couple, who are spending their honeymoon in America, included Admiral and Mrs. Bellars, Sir John and Lady Le Rougetel, Mrs. Gravel, whose daughter was a bridesmaid, Capt. and Mrs. Henry Maine, Lord and Lady Vansittart, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Laurence, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Fortt, the Hon. Andrew and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. Kirk Glazebrook, the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. Albert Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Topping, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Motion, Mrs. Bakewell, Baroness de Hersch and Sir Vincent Jones and his sister.



Mr. John Fitzherbert was in conversation with Mrs. M. Hollway



Mrs. Bossom and Mr. Doric Bossom were among the friends at the reception



Sir Giles and Lady Loder and their son, Mr. Edmund Loder



Miss Annette Barclay and Miss Portia Rooke were two of the bridesmaids



The Earl and Countess of Guilford wait for their guests at the reception Desmond O'Neill

The Earl of Guilford, son of the late Lord North, and of Mrs. Charles Harman Hunt, of Baldershare Park, Dover, married Miss Vere Leeston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Napier Leeston, of West Malling, Kent, at Canterbury Cathedral. A reception was held after the wedding ceremony at The Green Court within the Precincts



Mrs. Cyril Leeston, the Hon. J. M. W. North, Mrs. C. H. Hunt, the Bishop of Dover



Miss Julia Royds came with her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Hubbard



Lady Angela Whiteley, the bridegroom's sister, and Mr. P. J. Whiteley



Her Majesty, accompanied by Lord Irwin, on her way to the paddock to see the runners saddled. Her own horse, High Veldt, was fifth



The winner (F. Palmer up) returns to the paddock after the race

FAVOURITE WAS 13th IN THE ST. LEGER

AT Doncaster, in the presence of a huge gathering of racegoers, the Queen saw Mr. R. B. Strassburger's horse Cambremer win the St. Leger from Hornbeam by three-quarters of a length, with the favourite Pont Levis last—unluckiest of the thirteen horses that ran

Mrs. Dobson, Mrs. Bowett, Mr. J. Bowett and Mr. David Dobson



Mr. Julian Sheffield, Miss Diana Sheffield and Mrs. John Sheffield



Miss Christine Cobbold was with Col. P. T. and Mrs. Clifton



Brig. T. G. Cooper and Mrs. Cooper on their way to the course



Lt.-Col. G. D. Meyrick and Mrs. Meyrick were others at the meeting



Major Peter Mackenzie-Smith and Mrs. Mackenzie-Smith



*Crowds pressed closely round the paddock barriers as the runners were prepared for the great event.
High Veldt, the Queen's horse (No. 1), is seen having his girth adjusted*



Mr. John King, Master of the Badsworth hounds, with Mrs. King



Miss Susan Fitzroy and Miss Susan Ley were noting some runners



Mrs. W. Hanson with her father-in-law, Mr. R. Hanson



"Just back up a little dear, so you won't cut my head off"

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

THE Royal Horticultural Society's great Autumn Flower Show at Olympia has been and gone, leaving behind it the magnificent memory of roses, the opulent, man-about-town smell of carnations, and a vague feeling in my own breast that, handsome as it all undoubtedly was, I don't really care for the more specifically autumnal of the flowers that were on show—bold, blowy things they are really, the chrysanthemums, the asters and, more especially, the dahlias.

It may merely be that, as a serious eating man, I feel resentfully that autumn is the time not for flowers but for fruit—a season of mists and mellow fruitfulness as somebody once happily put it, and not of socking big blooms too vast either for buttonholes or for any vase suitable for the flats and mews-cottages that are all that any of us can afford.

And if the word "fruitfulness" can be stretched to cover oysters, game, crumpets (which, I have only recently discovered, also depend on an "R" in the month: something to do, no doubt, with the breeding season) and, in this part of the world, toffee apples, which supplant ices as a

comestible to be hawked along the street the moment there's a nip in the air, then Keats was dead right.

And I wonder, incidentally—harking back to my first thoughts on the subject of this Flower Show—how long the carnation has held its present sway, hardly challenged at all by the more modest cornflower, as the only flower one may wear in one's buttonhole. Fifty years ago, Joe Chamberlain used always to wear an orchid, but that was regarded either as an engaging idiosyncrasy, or as a bit of not very well-bred Brummagem, according to the critic's politics.

RECENTLY I noticed that a men's fashion magazine has been advocating that the buttonhole meant for a flower should be transferred to the right lapel from the left, on which side the coat is already adorned (or should be, according to the writer's of men's fashion articles), by a breast-pocket handkerchief.

But these vestigial buttons and buttonholes are hard to shift. Witness the couple of buttons at the back of a morning-coat or of tails—intended to loop up the skirts

of a long riding coat. The buttonhole in the left lapel was meant for buttoning up the coat to the neck and, considering that men's coats fasten left over right, how could it logically be moved? I notice, by the way, that my own tailor thoughtfully provides me with a tiny twist of thread under the lapel, to hold the stem of my buttonhole flower—now, if only he would go a step farther, and provide me with a daily carnation!

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THERE are very good reasons, of course, why there can never be the same sort of vogue for ancient aeroplanes that there is for vintage and veteran motor cars.

It is one thing to have your Delaunay-Belleville or your Talbot-Darracq shed a cylinder or so on the Brighton Road, and quite another to lose a pot from the ancient rotary engine that has been pulling your fabric-and-piano wire biplane through the air at something like sixty miles an hour. It is agreeable to look back to those days when goggled and jerked aeronauts were always referred to as "intrepid

birdmen," but there are limits to intrepidity.

All the same, there is a charm in the pictures of those early craft, and in harking back to the days in which they were flown. I was reminded in looking at the earlier pictures in Gerald Bowman's new book, *War In The Air*, based on the television series of a year or so ago—the B.E.2.c and its leather-clad pilot; and a lieutenant of the R.N.A.S. aiming a bomb by hand from the nacelle of a "blimp"—that I once knew S/Ldr. Jillings, now dead, whose claim to a footnote in the history books was that he was the first British airman to be wounded in air battle. He was a Guards N.C.O., acting as an observer in the R.F.C., when in August or September, 1914, he was wounded by a rifle fired from the cockpit of a German scout.

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ALL of which reminds me to recommend to connoisseurs both of courage and incongruity the chapter in Cyril Rofe's splendid escape story *Against The Wind*, in which the writer, at present the proprietor of a South Kensington restaurant, relates how he, a Jew born in Cairo, educated at Clifton, and shot down and imprisoned by the Germans when he was a sergeant navigator in the Royal Air Force, found himself, after his third escape, riding in a charge of Cossacks who had been cut off in the Carpathians, in line abreast on jet-black horses, sabres drawn, through the encircling German infantry, and to the main Russian forces.

I have often wondered what was the last cavalry charge in history, and if this was it I am pleased to find that a South Kensington *restaurateur* rode in it, wearing (till it was swept off in the gallop) a Royal Air Force beret.

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THERE could be no seemlier choice than Alan Villiers as commander of the hundred-and-eighty ton replica of the Mayflower, showing the flag this autumn—although I cannot imagine *which* flag—in British waters, before setting off on its

CLOSE SEASON

The timetable's back in its usual place,
For there aren't any trains to be met.
By the fireside our armchairs are pulled into place,
WE shan't mind if the weather is wet.
But our town friends can't face it, when winter
is here.
(They'll come back in the spring, so we hope.)
And meanwhile the Guest-Book is closed till
next year. . . .
And I'm using up luxury soap!

—Margot Crosse

• • •

transatlantic crossing next spring, by which time the trade winds of American publicity, having helped to puff a President into office, will be available to fill the modern pilgrims' sails.

Cdr. Villiers has covered more nautical miles under sail, I should think, and written more words about seamen and sailing ships, than any other living man. I trust that when he launched his latest book the other day—*Posted Missing*, a moving and fascinating record of ships lost in recent, postwar, years without trace, he murmured a pious "absit omen," for sailors are superstitious folk, and I don't suppose he is any exception.

I hadn't realized before how regular a toll the sea exacts, and how huge some of the ships are that it gobbles mysteriously up—such as the twenty-thousand-ton Brazilian battleship lost off the Azores less than five years ago, leaving not a wrack behind. But the most touching of the commander's chapters is concerned with the six little ships from Brittany, manned by the seventy tough Breton fishermen who were seen off by their lace-coiffed womenfolk in November, 1954, carrying aboard their long loaves and their litre-bottles of wine (no meat, for the good Lord sends fish)—and were never seen again.

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IN the United States they have been celebrating—either a little belatedly or a little lengthily, but I have only just noticed—the seventy-fifth anniversary of the first appearance of Uncle Remus, who was popped into print, along with Brer

Fox, Brer Rabbit, Tar-Baby and all, somewhere around 1880.

Uncle Remus was a nice man; I thought so when I was a small boy, and I think so still, but I don't know that he was any nicer than his creator. Joel Chandler Harris, whom many Southerners still remember, was of a type more common in the States than the more pushing of his fellow-countrymen will permit us to realize. He was born in Georgia and apart from having his schooling rudely interrupted by Sherman's dashing Yankee boys, marching through Georgia, and apart from one night at the White House as the President's guest, and six homesick months as far away as New Orleans, working on a Louisiana paper, he virtually never budged. He spent his adult life on a country newspaper in his home town, and ever since his death the schoolchildren of his native state have kept his birthday as a holiday. What better life could a man ask for—and what better memorial?

And if Joel Chandler Harris was the man I think he was, he'd have been happy to know that less than fifty years after his death the white descendants of "Miss Sally" and the coloured descendants of Uncle Remus would be on holiday together from the same school, even if it took Congress and a riot or so to get them into the same school in the first place.

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By happy chance, the other day, I found myself within half-a-dozen miles or so of Whitstable, and at lunchtime, or near enough to justify a slight detour. My friend and I demolished five dozen of the smaller natives between us, and what prevented it from being a dozen or so more was neither repetition nor parsimony (they were modestly priced). It was simply that the delightful man behind the bar simply couldn't open them fast enough: we'd have been kept there all day. "Sorry to be so slow," he said. "It's my first day on the job, and I've never opened or eaten or even *seen* an oyster before, in my life. Sent here for my health, and this was the only job I could get. Come from Wycombe, really, and I'm a french polisher."

They tasted none the worse for that.

BRIGGS by Graham





*Mr. J. H. Langmead and Miss J. Langmead,
Mrs. C. W. Beeson and Mr. R. J. Beeson*



*Mr. Alan Hutchison and Mrs. D. Cotsworth
with Mrs. P. Hankey and Mr. David Hankey*

*Miss Primrose Outred, Mr. F. G. Outred, Mrs.
H. A. Chapman and Mr. B. H. G. Chapman*

A FAMILY GOLF MATCH

THE Burhill Family Foursomes, a competition for pairs of fathers and daughters or mothers and sons, was recently held at the Burhill Golf Club, Walton. Above: Mrs. H. P. Thornhill, Mr. J. R. Thornhill (winners), Mrs. G. M. May, Mr. R. D. May,

*Mrs. C. J. R. Turner and Mr. A. J. R. Turner
with Mr. D. Ian Nalder and Mrs. S. M. Nalder*



*Mrs. K. V. Braddon, Mr. R. Braddon, Mr. J. C.
Hubbard and Mrs. A. C. Wigglesworth (right)*

*Mr. Timothy Beck, Mr. J. Sabine, Mrs. D. Sabine
and Mrs. J. B. Beck on the tee*



Lady Lowson and her debutante daughter

MISS GAY LOWSON, one of the most attractive and graceful debutantes of 1956, is seen with her mother, Lady Lowson, at their beautiful home, Brantridge Park, Balcombe, Sussex. Sir Denys Lowson, Bt., was Lord Mayor in 1950-51, and Lady Lowson, as the City's chief hostess in Festival of Britain year, received widespread congratulations. They have a younger daughter Melanie, and a twelve-year-old son Patrick. Besides Brantridge, they also have a Gloucestershire house

THE HOUSE OF SHOVEL

—COUTURIERS

PETER DICKINSON, not himself an eminent dress designer, casts his kindly eye over the vicissitudes of these temperamental creators

THE House of Shovel, in Jermyn Street, is one of the smallest of the top twelve; apart from the notorious Shovel Line of 1951 it has made its reputation mainly by producing "wearable" clothes; not for Shovel the enormous ball-dresses, armoured with sequins and seed-pearls, which always hit the headlines but nobody in their senses buys. At his best Shovel produces clothes of a devastatingly smart simplicity which have the additional advantage that they won't look wildly out of fashion next year. His less successful work is just neat, but not dowdy.

A girl I know called Elspeth works for Shovel as a model; she is a pleasant, bun-faced creature most of the time, but opens up like a peacock's tail when she is working, and walks round the floor looking arrogant and demure and oddly beautiful. It is through her eyes that I have acquired a new view of Shovel's, which hitherto I had only come across in the shiny press.

The whole house, she says, is pervaded, as by a smell of cooking, by the personality of Mr. Shovel. He is a small, square, dark, untidy middle-European who took the name by deed-poll when he was naturalized, and likes to be called Cloudesley behind his back. He speaks an English so perfect that it seems synthetic. He seems happiest when the atmosphere round him is charged with emotional stress; it is for this reason, apparently, that he employs de Balzac and Horace Smith. These are his assistant designers; they live at each other's throats.

DE BALZAC is thin, stooping and elegant in an over-scented way; his beard seems only to make him more effeminate. Smith was an Artillery officer, is very large, and wears clothes which look as if they had been beautifully made for someone else. Both are good at their job: de Balzac is happiest with tweeds, the rougher the better. He once walked round the building for a whole morning with a bolt of cloth under his arm as shaggy as a pony's winter coat and reeking of the Western Isles. "This," he told everyone, "I am going to civilize." Smith's gift is for the fantastic; if into one of Shovel's well-bred collections there walks an enormous cloak of orange faille, trailing all Seville in the air around it, Smith is probably responsible; his designs are always hit-or-miss. "Poor Horace," said de Balzac once; "a laugh in every line."

The only other person who affects Elspeth much is "Dee" Mortuis, the head *vendeuse*. She looks like a female don and, with something of the same terrible intellectual honesty, will go to any lengths of tactlessness to prevent a customer from buying a dress that does not suit her. One or two rich women have abandoned Shovel's screaming because of her, but they were the sort of people whose shoes one is glad to shake one's dust off.

Apart from these three and her fellow models, Elspeth is only vaguely aware of the other people who work for Shovel, the



terribly suspicious old man who looks after the stocks of material in the basement, the giggling sewing girls in the attics, each in her statutory two and a half square yards of space and L.C.C.-regulated amounts of light and air, the four fitters in charge of them, who sub-contract to Shovel for all the clothes the House produces, the lost-looking men who mind the business side, the girls from the *boutique*, and lastly Mr. Shovel's nephew Alex, who speaks practically no English and is in charge of relations with the press.

ELSPETH moved into the middle of this maelstrom about six months ago, when one of the regular models went sick and later decided not to return. Elspeth, who had been sent along as a stop-gap by her agent because she had the right measurements for the dresses already made, suddenly found herself earning regular money. After about a year of free-lancing, which meant a few exhausting but lucrative jobs and weeks with nothing to eat but tinned soup, the steady seven pounds a week was like waking up to sanity. There are perquisites too; she has a hair-do every week and only has to sign for it; and at the end of every season M. Verdigris, who produces the pleasant little hats that exactly suit the tone of the Shovel collections, allows each model and *vendeuse* to keep one.

At first there was little enough to do. It was the end of the season and often nobody at all came in in the morning, and once or twice even the full scale shows in the afternoon went unattended. Then Shovel's shut down to make a new collection. While this goes on no money is coming in to the firm, so it pays to try to get the whole thing over in a ridiculously short time. Tempers tatter, drawings and stuff get lost in mounds of other drawings and stuff, designers fret away for hours at an idea that comes to nothing, or, rarely, scribble off a divine dress while answering the telephone. The building is broody with excitement. (Of course this is the only possible time to have the place redecorated.)

THE first Elspeth saw of any of this was the first fittings, so she missed several of the early stages; the choice of the materials; Shovel's discussion with his assistants of his general aim, the trend of the collection; his choice of the assistants' ideas; and so on. Then a series of *toiles*, prototypes of unbleached calico roughly stitched, are tried on in the fitting room; this involves, often, all three models at the same time, while Shovel and his designers and the fitters babble away with suggestions, second thoughts, ideas about details, what's gone wrong; and the air is rough with the noise of tacking being torn apart.

Then, spring taking over from winter, colour creeps into the collection as the dresses begin to appear in their true materials. Sometimes there are disappointments; a dress which seemed superb as a *toile*, an exquisite sheath which in its final iron blue satin was certain to be Shovel at his most *fatal*, turns out to be merely a nice dress if you've got the figure for that sort of thing.

Occasionally there are disasters: this season one of Shovel's rare press-catchers was going to be an enormous ball dress of Chinese silk with a pattern of birch-like trees on it; the material cost 12,000 francs a metre and a lot of it was needed; Elspeth says it had a sort of niggling magnificence. They fiddled endlessly with the *toile*, and waited with dubious excitement for the real thing to appear. When it came everything else in the room stopped; as Elspeth revolved slowly before them she felt the temperature falling.

At last Shovel said, "Has not the material of the skirt been cut upside down?"

In the hush Horace Smith burst into tears.

"Never mind," said Shovel, "it was the hell of a dress anyway. And besides, we're short of blouse material." With extraordinary speed the collection takes shape and is ready, astonishingly, for the day of the first press show. Jitters and champagne. The girls wait in their little dressing room. Smith waits in the alcove, ready to check and hand out the accessories for each dress.

MR. SHOVEL has almost finished the speech he always makes; when he reaches "... my humble collection ..." Elspeth moves out into the alcove to collect her accessories. There is a rattle of applause, the name of her dress, "Point-to-Point," is called out, and she's on.

I asked her whether she had first-night nerves, like an actress.

"Slightly," she said, "but my main thought was how the hell do they expect me to take my coat off properly with my hands full of muff and this — umbrella? It might have been worse; last year Mr. Shovel decided to have his poodle in the show and it took against the audience and poor Pam had to play it round the floor like a fish."

Almost as soon as it has started the show seems over. The only snag they have discovered is that the two big dresses can't pass each other in the alcove; that and the perennial snags caused by Mr. Shovel's passion for rather accessory accessories. It's a small thing compared with some houses, where the couturier dictates, for instance, the walk and stance which his models must adopt to suit this year's line: "Carry-all-before-me" now, and next year "Scholar's Stoop" again. Other favourites have been "Mrs. Caudle," "I'm-going-to-do-the-splits" and "Look-I-can-walk-with-my-legs-crossed." Because she has to move about there is a limit to the contortions a mannequin can perform, but some designers seem ambitious to beat the fashion photographers at their own game.

Press shows over and jitters gone, Shovel's settles down, if you can call it that, to its routine. For Elspeth busy days mean hectic but highly organized changing alternating with the nonchalance of the stroll round the floor. Slack days mean a book, with interruptions. And behind it all, like a threat of thunder, is the knowledge that almost any moment they'll be starting on a new, but devastating, collection.





THE ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING: HIGHLAND GAMES AT OBAN

DESPITE a day of rain and mist low on the Highland hills, all roads led to Oban for the perennially popular Games of the Argyllshire Gathering, inaugurated in 1871. Many members of the Campbell Clan came, for the President of the Gathering has always been the head of the ducal house of Argyll. Many people motored long distances from all parts of the Highlands. Above: The stewards, Mr. Ian A. Fletcher of Dunans, Mr. T. H. L. Macdonald of Barguilean, Major Sir Charles Maclean of Duart, Mr. D. Graham-Campbell of Shirvan, Brig. Ian Stewart of Achnacone and Mr. M. A. C. Noble of Ardkinglas



Lorne and Kirsty Nelson, children of Mr. Ronan and the Hon. Mrs. Nelson

The Hon. David and Mrs. Balfour watching from the pavilion stand

Capt. Gordon Partington and Mrs. Alan Cookson discuss an event

Miss K. Mackessack, Mr. P. Campbell Fraser, Mr. M. Wilson, Miss S. Mackessack





*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
SEPT. 26,
1956
611*

*Mr. Alastair Campbell watches the
Games with Miss Gillie Castle*



*Brig. Lorne Campbell, V.C., and his
younger son, Patrick*

*The Hon. Mrs. Maclean with Lt.-Col.
P. Campbell-Preston and his son*



*Brig. R. M. Montgomerie with the Duke of Argyll, Chief of Clan
Campbell, who brought a party from Inveraray Castle*

*Lady Maclean with Mr. James Robert-
son Justice and his wife*

*Miss Jane Reid-Thomas, Mr. Neil
Sutherland, and Miss Kirstie Maclean*





Swiss open golf championship

AGAINST a pine-clad background Vicomtesse de Saint Sauveur takes refreshment with Mr. J. Ortiz Patino (above) during the championship played at Coupe Provins



Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sikiarides of Paris played in the competitions



Col. J. Macgregor with Mr. Dai Rees, who won the championship



The Comtesse des Courtils rests and watches with her daughter France

Photographs: Dr. R. H. Schloss



Priscilla in Paris

LEAFSMOKE MEMORIES

IT was a warm and sunny October afternoon. It was also many many years ago. The gardener was burning dead leaves and the acrid smell mingled with the sweeter scent of the apples that were stored in the *grenier* of the old *gentilhomme* where we had spent the summer.

How strange it seemed that the memory of those autumnal odours from the Limousin countryside should so poignantly come to me as I stood on the pavement of the place du Trocadero awaiting an opportunity to cross over to the palais de Chaillot. The charity gala and world première—even Venice had not seen it then—of René Clément's latest film was taking place that evening. We were to be shown *Gervaise* ("film française de René Clément d'après *L'Assommoir* d'Emile Zola").

But I no longer saw the passing cars, or noticed the smell of dead leaves crushed into the muddy road and the faint suggestion of absinthe and *café filtre* from the *bistro* on the corner of the avenue Kléber. Paris had vanished and I was back in the attics of the little *castel* where I had discovered a pile of "yellowbacks" (why were they called yellowbacks, since they were yellow all over?) and amongst them was Zola's *Assommoir*.

ZOLA was not considered teenage literature when I was young and I had evidently discovered a cache. It yielded not only Zola but also Maupassant as well as the romances of Georges Ohnet and the blood and thunder of Ponson du Terrail. It must have been made some years earlier. On the back of the tattered yellow covers the price of each volume was clearly marked. Three francs and seventy-five centimes! And most of those Maupassants must have been first editions. . . .

The necessity of obeying the traffic cop's behest not to keep him waiting all night brought me down to earth. I picked up the tail of my frock and crossed the Place with a rush.

That René Clément had entitled his film *Gervaise*—the name of the heroine of *L'Assommoir*—was as good a warning as any that he intended to have his own way with Zola's archaic, melodramatic novel of the Paris of the mid-fifties, and since his way pleases the multitude, why complain. Maria Schell plays *Gervaise*. Her fight with Suzy Delair in the famous laundry scene is, surely, all that an encounter between two ladies of the washtub should be. François Perrier, who took the trouble to study his rôle in the wards of the Salpêtrière, gives a masterly impersonation of a brawny navvy in the throes of delirium tremens . . . but I discovered I was not nearly so impressed as I had been when I read



THE GERMAN ROYAL WEDDING OF ARCHDUKE ARPAD AND PRINCESS MARIA

ARCHDUKE JOSEPH ARPAD OF AUSTRIA, Prince of Hungaria, and Princess Maria of Loewenstein-Wertheim-Rosenberg leaving the church after their wedding at Bronnback, Western Germany, which was attended by many members of European royalty

the novel on that golden autumn afternoon so long ago.

The vast theatre of the Palais de Chaillot was crowded. It was the first get-together of *le Tout Paris*. All the familiar faces were there topping, in most cases, unfamiliar silhouettes.

WHAT have the grand couturiers been thinking of? Their broad shoulders and buncy capes narrowing down to the ankles have, on some wearers, a most unfortunate, Mrs. Noah-ish effect.

New fashions almost always look interesting and charming when sketched, photographed or worn by the right person, given, of course, that the artist is good, the photographer canny and the right person really right or, in other words, young, slim and lovely! But *le dernier cri* seen for the first time at a public gathering gives one "furiously to think."

Since it was a charity gala the Garde Républicaine in their best white trousers lined the entrance of the theatre. Miss Paulette Goddard smiled at them very prettily when she arrived with the result that three stalwart, but particularly susceptible, warriors blushed.

Maurice Chevalier and Gary Cooper who are as inseparable as the Siamese twins arrived together. Gary in a black tie and

Maurice rather upstage in tails. He also ought to have displayed a large diamond ring and been smoking a fat cigar. The famous old music hall, l'Alhambra in the rue de Malte, where Fragson sang and Little Tich pranced so many years ago, is to be re-named Théâtre Maurice Chevalier. Tails, diamond and cigar would have dressed "Momo" for the part that he has never yet played—that of music hall manager.



ROCK'N roll has not yet reached us in its official form but the Teddy boys of the Elephant and Castle have never been able to hold a candle to the sartorial extravagances of Parnassus where they seem to be able to add sophistication immediately to the latest outrage on Savile Row.

But since the horse-tail hair-do became *demodé* Paul Collin is said to have remarked that in the purlieu of St. Germain des Prés it is almost impossible to tell the difference between a lad going to the hairdressers and a maiden returning!

Magnum est . . .

- The cicerone: "You must not believe everything you hear!"
- The neophyte: "Of course not. It is so often true!"



At the Theatre

A WELL-TAILORED TIMON

"TIMON" AND "CYMBELINE" have never been the most entrancingly popular of Bardic works, but the Old Vic has elected to open its 1956-57 season with them. *Timon* brings Sir Ralph Richardson (above) with dyspeptic senators David Dodimead (centre), Richard Carpenter and Thomas Johnston back to the Vic. He makes of *Timon* a person dazed almost by his popularity and money. *Cymbeline* possesses no predominating actor but Derek Godfrey as Iachimo (right) stands out, Barbara Jefford plays Imogen, Derek Francis Cymbeline, and Leon Gluckman Posthumus



OF course we must get through the dull bread and butter before we can hope for cake, and the Old Vic, sternly dutiful nurse, begins a new season with two plays that are hard going for all but the most euphonic Shakespearians. *Timon of Athens* and *Cymbeline* are found unrelishable for different reasons. *Timon*—ill-constructed, possibly unfinished, with a narrow and unspeakably rancorous moral—has always been a dry and nasty mouthful. *Cymbeline* is unpopular, not on its merits (which are considerable) but simply because it is romantic in a way that has come to bore us.

If this time we prefer the misanthropic *Timon* to Imogen, loveliest of all Shakespeare's heroines, it is nothing to do with Shakespeare. Mr. Michael Benthall happens to see more in one than in the other. What he sees is by no means what others have seen—the rich Lord *Timon* waking out of a dream of lax philanthropy to the baseness and ingratitude of the world and letting himself go in a whirlwind of furious ejaculation, likening mankind to all the hideous things that spring from a mind of peculiarly resourceful virulence.

Mr. Benthall cannot quite imagine Sir Ralph Richardson raging and raging himself to death in this way. He sets out, accordingly, by clever cuts and transpositions and inventive direction to see that it shall not happen. He gives suitable magnificence to the scenes in which *Timon's* liberality takes the form of giving to the rich. Sir Ralph plays them agreeably as a fool bemused with popularity and the power of money. He pays little attention to the speeches of others and hurries on through his own with impervious geniality. We are surprised that when ingratitude slaps him in the face he should even notice it, but clearly he is disconcerted rather than fundamentally shocked.

THIS is just as well, for in the later scenes we are to get not a genial man turned into a man-eating tiger but just a genial man saddened by experience. Sir Ralph presents the raging *Timon* as a sort of Richard II, gently intoxicated with self-pity, watching the processes of his own ruin with dispassionate interest. This may be a perversion of the play, but it is a perversion that suits the style of a popular actor. Many no doubt would much rather be free to enjoy Sir Ralph abounding in his own senses than be given a more faithful rendering without the touch of individual acting genius, and in this instance there is a good deal to be said for their point of view. Except for the Apemantus of Mr. Dudley Jones; the Flavius of Mr. Paul Curran and the Alcibiades of Mr. Brian Panter, the rest of the acting is alarmingly raw.

The handling of *Cymbeline* would suggest that we are better off with a producer who is masterfully wrong-headed than with one who is indifferent. It is the same producer, but here Mr. Benthall gives the impression of believing that the old romance has no chance with us. If we must have deceived princes and wicked stepmothers, lost princesses and insufferable kings directed with serene optimism to a golden close of reconciliation and reunion we shall prefer speed to colour and verisimilitude.

HE gives us speed with a vengeance. We have no time to dwell on the intricacies. There is virtually no scenery, and the action passes on a dark stage with shafts of light picking out the scenes taking place, as it were, at the bottom of a deep black cave. This in effect is no more than getting through a piece that we do not much like. Its justification as a treatment might be that it exchanged the broad gentle sweep of the romance for the vivid pin-pointing of one of the characters.

This could only be Imogen, the most richly dowered of all Shakespeare's heroines, and unfortunately Miss Barbara Jefford brings all the lady's graces to naught by withholding from them the grace of humour. Her vivacity and her naturalness grow, but they grow too late. The acting honours are carried off by Mr. Derek Godfrey's well-judged Iachimo with Mr. Dudley Jones and Mr. David Dodimead doing well in minor parts, but both producer and actor must share blame for a ridiculous distortion of Cloten, the highborn son, as a squirming idiot.

As often happens with productions of this sort, its general inappropriateness causes us to wonder perforce if the play might not still charm us if it were done properly. One day we may fall in line again with the old romance. Then we may find ourselves surprisingly in agreement with Swinburne for whom *Cymbeline* was "the play of plays."

—Anthony Cookman



SHAKESPEARE PEDAGOGUE

MARK DIGNAM adds to the distinguished list of his many character roles in Shakespeare that of Holofernes, in "Love's Labour's Lost." As the pedant fairly bristling with scholastic mannerisms, he succeeds in making what is actually one of the obscurest personages in the play the most amusing, by an exquisite study of pompous ridiculousness

*Photograph by
Angus McBean*

TWO GREAT SCOTTISH FAMILIES ARE UNITED

H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother with the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Gloucester, attended Scotland's wedding of the year; the marriage of Lord Carnegie, son of the Earl of Southesk and of the late Princess Maud, Countess of Southesk, with the Hon. Caroline Cecily Dewar.

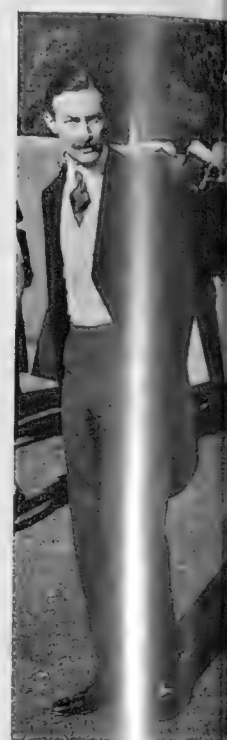
Photographs by Van Hallan



Mrs. Telfer-Smollett, wife of Major Patrick Telfer-Smollett, with her son David, a page



Sir Gavin Lyle, Bt., the Duchess of Bedford, and Miss Lorna Lyle



Mr. A. A. Stair, with his daughter

Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, who had just been received by the bridal pair

Sir Henry and Lady Abel Smith talking to Lady Flavia Anderson, sister of the Earl of Halsbury

Lady Kinnaid, from Rossie Priory, the bride's



The ceremony was at St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, and afterwards there was a reception at Dupplin Castle, home of the bride's parents, Lord and Lady Forteviot. Right: leaving the Cathedral, the bride's train held by Miss Carol Ann Tudor, who was one of the retinue of fourteen attendants



with Mrs. Nairn and Miss Sarah Nairn

with Lady Forteviot, her



At the Pictures

ON GILDING THE GINGERBREAD

Elsbeth Grant

MR. SAMUEL GOLDWYN, grandpa of the motion picture business, the other day let fall a few remarks on the state of his grandchild's health. He didn't seem over-sympathetic about it: if the kid's feeling sorta frail and looking a mite peaked, it has only itself to blame, in Mr. Goldwyn's opinion. There are far too many bad films being made, he says—and why should people who can see trash practically for free on television pay good money to see trash in the cinema? The only shot in the arm the industry needs is a few films it's really worth stepping out to see—like, one gathers, a few mammoth musicals based on stage successes.

Apparently certain Hollywood producers feel grandpa is right: at any rate they've spent months and millions on making just that very kind of thing. If you are churlish enough to suggest that it would be nice to see something equally expensive but brand new, for a change, they will doubtless give you the same answer as Mr. Goldwyn: why should they take a gamble on an unknown quantity when subjects which have established themselves as Big Box Office are available? Well, I don't know why they should—but I think it would be a good thing for the cinema and mighty refreshing for the public if they would.

IT's by no means every stage musical that lends itself to adaptation. *Oklahoma!* did: brilliantly translated into terms of cinema, it became a film to see. *The King And I*, the latest of Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein's stage hits to be slapped on to celluloid, is nothing more than a theatrical production photographed—beautifully photographed, I must say, in tender Eastman Colour. The original, black-and-white film of Miss Margaret Landon's book, *Anna And The King Of Siam*, was far more effective as a film: it told a story as realistically as only the cinema can. I find it hard to believe that injections of the theatre's artificiality are what grandpa would seriously prescribe to restore the motion picture industry to bouncing health.

For those who have not the cinema's well-being at heart and merely want something pretty to look at, *The King And I*, produced by Mr. Charles Brackett and directed by Mr. Walter Lang, will do very nicely. It is quite ravishingly pretty.

As the widow who, with a daring that must have shocked the world of 1862, went to Siam to become governess to the polygamous King's innumerable offspring, Miss Deborah Kerr is charming: she sings pleasantly, wears the period costumes gracefully and most admirably suggests a strong-minded woman of gentle heart.

If she seems a little fragile and pallid beside Mr. Yul Brynner—the King pursuing knowledge though fettered by barbaric tradition—this is not to be wondered at. Mr. Brynner is the most vital and colourful personality on any screen today. Though bald as an egg, his powerful virility makes him fifty times as irresistible as any of your more hirsute stars



THE GRAF SPEE CAPTAIN, Hans Langsdorff, is played by Peter Finch in the Michael Powell-Emeric Pressburger production *The Battle Of The River Plate* in which that historic naval action of the last war is brought to the screen. The film, to be seen shortly, is in VistaVision and Eastman Colour and stars John Gregson as Captain Bell of H.M.S. Exeter, and Anthony Quayle as Commodore Harwood



DAMON RUNYON'S famous Broadway characters come to life in the film version of *Guys And Dolls*, the tuneful American musical which was seen at the London Coliseum. Above: Marlon Brando and Jean Simmons sing for the first time on the screen as the tough guy and his Salvation Army sweetheart. Left: Frank Sinatra as Nathan Detroit the King of the New York crap games. The film is now at the Empire





YUL BRYNNER AND DEBORAH KERR
as the King of Siam and the Victorian
governess in the film version of *The King And I*

and might well have given Delilah cause to pause before she got busy on Samson.

I do feel that Mr. Brynner is an event not to be missed—and the mimed Siamese version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is, as it was on the stage, an enchantment—but in my nagging way I still insist that this musical is not a movie.

Mr. Alastair Sim, who could ogle an oyster out of its shell, puts some of his best eye-work into *The Green Man*—a rampantly farcical comedy based by Messrs. Sydney Gilliat and Frank Launder on their play, *Meet A Body*. He figures as an ingenious and practised assassin who emerges from cosy semi-retirement to remove from the public scene a gentleman who is messing things up in the Middle East. (No, dear—not *that* gentleman.)

His plans, which involve the seduction and elimination of a spinster secretary (talented Miss Avril Angers) and are intended to culminate in a radio programme that really goes with a bang, deserve to succeed. They fail through the entirely fortuitous intervention of Mr. George Cole, an able comedian of the double-take and dither school, and Miss Jill Adams, whose radio performance would be a disgrace to the amateur dramatic society of Nether Mummingham-in-the-Mire.

Messrs. Launder and Gilliat have strewn corn through the script with an abandon nothing short of reckless: you get the vacuum-cleaner salesman baffled by his own gadgets, the boulderish philandering commercial traveller (Mr. Terry-Thomas—the hyphen, I suppose, is to bridge that gap), the demented three-piece ladies' orchestra, and even Brown Windsor soup. They have also provided some sly and witty dialogue, I'm happier to say—and, with Mr. Sim leering luminously through it, the film, though not one of their very best, is jolly good fun.

THE attempt by M. Marcel Pagnol to screen three of the stories from M. Alphonse Daudet's adorable *Lettres De Mon Moulin* is only two-thirds successful. "The Three Low Masses," in which a gluttonous old curé (M. Henri Vilbert) curtails a Christmas service for the sake of the supper to follow, is altogether too static. On the other hand, "The Elixir Of Father Gaucher"—the tale of a humble monk (M. Rellys) who becomes a martyr to alcohol for the good of his order—is lively entertainment, and "The Secret Of Master Corneille," an affecting anecdote about the last of the windmills, glows with the sun and the spirit of M. Pagnol's beloved Midi.

ANNE BANCROFT, seen here on location high in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, is to star in Columbia Pictures' film *Nightfall*, a thriller with an unusual twist. Miss Bancroft appears frequently on television in the U.S.A. as well as having twelve films to her credit. Aldo Ray and Brian Keith also star in *Nightfall*





Hilde Gueden as Sophia in Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" with which she opened the Vienna Opera Season. Opposite is Herr von Faninal

VIENNA'S LYRE RE-STRUNG

ROBERT BOAS writes of the simplicity of opera production in Vienna and the outstanding quality of the music which results



Hertha Töpfer dressed for her part of Octavian in the Strauss opera, in which, as described, she sang at short notice

THE lady sitting opposite me in the waiting-room at the Munich Air Terminal looked vaguely familiar, and I wondered why I knew that face so well.

I was on my way to Vienna for the opening night of the opera season. *Der Rosenkavalier* was to be given, and I was looking forward to my first hearing of Richard Strauss's great comedy in its native surroundings. Thinking of this opera, I suddenly hit upon the clue to my neighbour, for I had heard the opera in Munich only a few days before, and it occurred to me that my travelling companion was Hertha Töpfer, the Munich Octavian. Evidently she, too, was going to Vienna for the first night of *Der Rosenkavalier*, for good Octavians are not so plentiful, even in Germany and Austria, that sharing is unknown among the big operatic centres.

For some days I had been wondering who was going to sing in the Vienna *Rosenkavalier*, for the operatic authorities there are famous for their reticence about such matters—how different from thoughtful, efficient Munich, which announces the complete cast lists for its opera festival weeks in advance.

I therefore assembled all the German at my command and introduced myself to Mme. Töpfer as an English opera enthusiast. Yes, it was quite true; she was to sing Octavian that night in Vienna. Who were the other principals? She had no idea. Who was the conductor? Again she was in the dark. Well, at any rate, perhaps she could tell me, a newcomer to Vienna, what time the performance began? She was not sure—perhaps six o'clock (it turned out to be six thirty). And I was left marvelling at the casual ways of this strange operatic city I was about to visit.

FROM what Mme. Töpfer told me, it did not seem likely that she had had much rehearsal for the performance; yet no one at the opera that night would have guessed it. Her love scenes with the Marschallin (Hilde Zadek) and with Sophia von Faninal (Hilde Gueden) proceeded smoothly, naturally, charmingly, as though the result of many hours of careful preparation. I particularly noted the exit of the two lovers at the end of the last act; the final kiss on the lips before their disappearance upstage was executed with a precision and spontaneity which seemed altogether miraculous when one remembered that Mme. Töpfer was a guest artist who had arrived in Vienna only a few hours before.

There were two outstanding performances in the *Rosenkavalier* I saw, of which the most memorable was undoubtedly Hilde Gueden's Sophia. Mme. Gueden is superbly equipped for this rôle, for she possesses a radiant soprano voice, the quality of which remains unimpaired right to the top of its large compass, and she is also lovely to look at and a convincing actress. The Baron Ochs was Kurt Böhme, a tall German bass who recently appeared at Covent Garden as Fasolt and Hagen in the *Ring*.

Herr Böhme has a powerful voice, which he uses musically, but his most remarkable attribute is a comic personality so compelling that whenever he is on the stage it is virtually impossible to notice any other artist. This is not a characteristic likely to endear him to his colleagues, but it does not worry the audience, for no one could be more adept than Herr Böhme at conveying the coarse bonhomie of Hofmannsthal's seedy aristocrat.

MY impression of the new Vienna Opera House was not entirely favourable. As is well known, the old building was destroyed by bombing during the last days of the war, and the Austrian authorities calmly put sentiment before convenience and constructed the new theatre on strictly traditional lines, with tiers of boxes ranged horseshoe-wise around the three sides of the auditorium. The result is that the proportion of seats giving only a side view of the stage is, for a theatre built in the 1950s, ridiculously high. I would strongly advise anyone going to hear opera in Vienna to take stalls in order to make sure of a good view of the stage—and front stalls for choice, since the orchestra pit is vast.

Finally, it may be asked why one should go to Vienna at all to hear opera. As far as *Der Rosenkavalier* is concerned I should say there is every reason. It is essentially an "atmosphere" opera which, given the right conditions, can recreate for the listener a whole past civilization—"the pride and elegance of old Vienna," as Richard Capell described it, "its voluptuousness, chastened by good manners, its doomed beauty"; if the music was accompanied by an English text, and no longer wedded to the racy and idiomatic dialect of Hofmannsthal's libretto, much of the opera's charm would disappear.



Mr. D. P. Morgan, umpire, has a word with G. M. Wood, Northants, and T. D. Phillips, Middlesex junior champion

Ir. Oliver Prenn, former junior hampion, and Miss Nyra Machin

Brian Dixon, Warwick, with Roddy Hancock, Essex junior champion



Lady Marshall, Miss Jennifer Marshall and Miss Susan Andrews watching a match



Miss S. M. Armstrong and Miss Ann Hlaydon, former singles champion



Desmond O'Neill
Miss Sally Porter and Miss Jane Roberts played together in the doubles



Wimbledon junior tennis

BRITAIN'S tennis stars of the future competed at Wimbledon recently for the junior championships. Above: J. I. Tattersall, winner of the boys' singles, Miss Christine Truman, fifteen-year-old winner of the girls' singles this year, and Miss Deirdre Catt, former Sussex junior champion



Miss Priscilla Hankin, Brig. A. W. A. Harker and Miss Sally Hankin



Clayton Evans

JOHN MOORE, the country writer, is here with his Australian born wife in the garden of their beautiful home at Tewkesbury. His newest book, "Come Rain, Come Shine," is due shortly

Book Reviews

THE UNRAVELLING OF AN ANCIENT KNOT

Elizabeth Bowen



MR. PUNCH PRESENTS a bouquet to the lady of his choice—in 1847. This and the drawing opposite are from "A Century Of Punch" (Heinemann, 30s.), a fascinating social as well as humorous document

ERIC LINKLATER's new novel, *The Dark Of Summer* (Cape, 15s.), has a strange theme. To how many modern people is it given to unravel an ancient knot, mend an old trouble, wind up an unfinished story? To Tony Chisholm, narrator, it comes to seem that *his* line of life intersects old-time destinies. The Jacobite Rebellion is linked, by a chain of Fate's, with the far-flung campaigns of World War Two. In a Shetland peat cutting, Chisholm and his young bride stumble upon a body. Here indeed lies Old Dandy, come to light again after more than two hundred years.

Yes, and dead by violence—Chisholm, trying to lift the peat-embalmed corpse, scratches his hand on the dagger-point in its breast. Yet this, though it takes place in the first chapter, is not the beginning of a mystery: rather it is the clearing-up, the solution. Not Old Dandy himself, ne'er-do-well Jacobite, but rather the ambiguity of his vanishing has haunted another Shetland family, the Wisharts. Over these, it seems, there has hung a curse ever since. And Gudrun, Chisholm's bride, is the last of the Wishart line.

From its Shetland starting point, Chisholm's story moves back, then returns to finish where it began. A regular soldier, wounded in the Dunkirk retreat, he had been found unfit for active service—thereafter, he found himself embarked on the hush-hush adventure of traitor-hunting. Investigations in the sub-arctic Faeroes are, of necessity, delicate: two good fellows, his friends, are suspected of being in contact with Quisling agents. Rough justice, he is to find, has been meted out.

FROM the Faeroes, the trail leads to the Shetlands—a shocking voyage, with a gruesome extra passenger aboard. Is eccentric Lieutenant Silver, Chisholm's ally, right in his hunch as to Mungo Wishart? The eccentric, arrogant, poetry-spouting laird—is he indeed emulating the Roger Casement he so admires?

Confrontation with the frozen, distorted mask of Lieutenant Silver's passenger is the test. . . . Chisholm's own attitude to the affair is complicated for him by a tragic secret, the lately-learned real facts of his brother's death. Handsome young Peter Chisholm had fallen in battle, yes, but not as a hero! And, any triumph attending on Mungo Wishart's exposure is undermined, for Tony, by self-reproach. He had been the Wishart's guest; he had liked the children.

Gudrun and Olaf Wishart are to reappear. . . . *The Dark Of Summer* moves, via the Italian campaign, 1944, onward to the



MISS MONICA STIRLING, whose new novel "Some Darling Folly" (12s. 6d.) has just been published by Victor Gollancz, spends much of her time in France, where her story has its setting

Korean battlefield. Conceivably, too much ground is covered—that is, for one book. For also embedded in Tony Chisholm's narrative are extracts from the Wishart-Pitcairn history, with the ins-and-outs of that feud of Jacobite days: an obsession with the late Mungo Wishart.

Time and again the exciting, adventurous parts of *The Dark Of Summer* honourably remind one of John Buchan. Few Buchan heroes, however, are burdened with Chisholm's complex, divided mind, or by his desire for expiation.

Though nominally a professional soldier, our hero writes like an angel—or at least like an author. I thought this fact insufficiently explained by his once having won the essay prize at school. Such a natural literary hand should in youth surely have won a whole trunkful of calf-bound volumes. *The Dark Of Summer's* title is derived from a symbolic Shetland passage on page one.

★ ★ ★

FLAME is one thing; to be affectionately remembered is something better. So at least one feels reading **G.M.: Memories Of George Moore**, by Nancy Cunard (Rupert Hart-Davis, 25s.). Here, the story begins with a little girl's friendship with a celebrity—constant guest at her parents' Leicestershire home, lifelong admirer of her mother. For it was at Nevill Holt, surely, with its brilliant Edwardian house parties—in themselves, as Miss Cunard shows them, well worth recalling—that Moore must have been seen to the best advantage. His foibles, his eccentricities, his vanities (less dear to less sympathetic circles) added to his uniqueness. His artistic integrity was honoured. Light, if firm, rebukes subdued his occasional outrageousness.

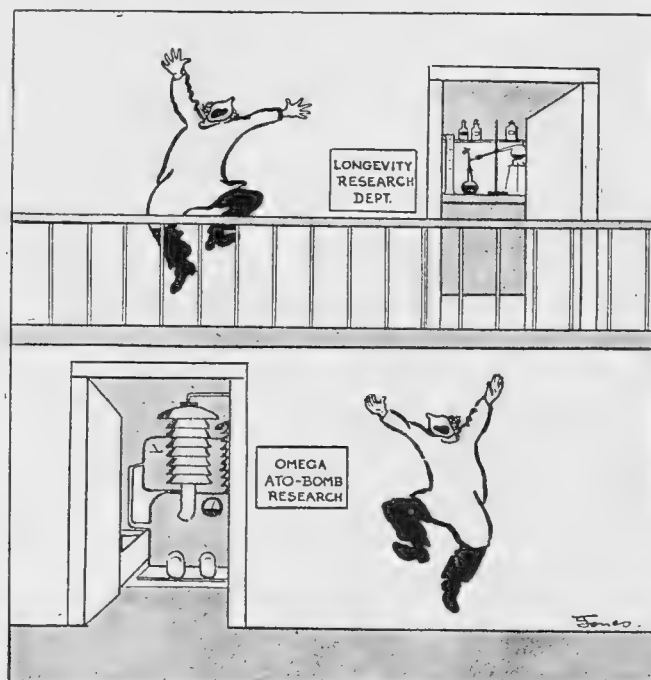
On the child who was Nancy Cunard, some though not much of the conversation may have been lost. If so, the loss was made good in later years, when Miss Cunard grew up and lived in Paris, or, when in London, she visited "the hermit of Ebury Street."

She adeptly recaptures now, in this book, in a marvellous way not only the gist but the flavour of rare talk—Irish gusto salted with Gallic wittiness. George Moore of Moore Hall, Co. Mayo, showed few traits of the indigenous bog-dweller. Dandified he was, if in a semi-comic way of his own, from the crest of his hair to the tips of his buttoned boots. The plump oval outline, the

whitish blurred look, the walrus moustache—Miss Cunard's pen paints the portrait as ably as any brush.

Nor is *G.M.*, with its revealing anecdotes, confined to droll happenings, teasing oddities. The calibre of Miss Cunard's own mind was a match for that of the great man, and she records his acumen, judgment, high aesthetic standards, intellectual dignity. Though somewhat astray in the 1920s, George Moore criticized, and manfully, her and her friends' experimental poetry. And the man who had given us *Esther Waters*, *The Lake*, *The Mummer's Wife*, *The Brook Kerith*, the great Irish trilogy *Ave, Salve, Vale*, was worth listening to on the subject of fellow-writers. . . . All-in-all, this is a rewarding memoir.

[Continued on page 655]



"Eureka!"

Beauty

Jean Cleland

Chiming tones

TO determine which, among the many lovely colours featured at the various dress collections throughout the year, are those likely to stand out and remain as the most popular, one must consult with the couturiers and writers on fashion. To decide the delicate—and sometimes tricky—question as to which shade of make-up is the best complement to each particular colour, and likely to be the most flattering to the wearer who chooses a dress of green, yellow, pink or blue, one must go to the beauty experts.

Time was when such a thing as selecting one's make-up to harmonize with one's dress was not considered. There were certain ranges for fair colourings, and other ranges for dark. One chose accordingly, and it was as simple as all that.

With the scientific advance in the making of cosmetics, there is now a far wider range of colours, and make-up experts have discovered the enormous difference which can be made to the looks when the make-up is chosen to tone with whatever colour is being worn. Hence it is that the couturiers and beauty consultants work together to achieve the best results. The difference the right choice can make is almost miraculous.

WITH all this in mind, I talked with some of the "tops" in both fashion and beauty. Having decided on some of the most popular fashion colours, I asked four of the leading beauty houses if they would work out make-up ranges to go with them, giving, of course, their own cosmetics in each case, so that in making a choice one would know what to ask for. Here are the suggestions which I will pass on just as they were given to me. I hope they will act as a reliable guide to all those who may be in doubt as to which goes best with what.

ELIZABETH ARDEN. A great deal of black is being worn, as always. There is also a range of unusual greens, including deep jewel green velvet, like the darkest emerald, as well as greens with a more olive tone. For all these, Elizabeth Arden's "Rose Aurora" make-up is recommended, because it is very fresh, and has a vivacity that lights up the face against these particular colours. Blue is being used for winter day and evening clothes. For the paler shades, "Rose Aurora"; for dark blues, "Pure Red," and for those blues that have a hint of purple in them, "Lido Venice Pink."

RED appears in the picture, and with the fashion for lighter colours, rouge and lipstick such as "Mediterranean" and "Blush Rose" will be worn with these, while "Rose Aurora" is very flattering again, with dark rose reds and burgundy. For the more coral and orangey reds, the best choice is "Soleil des Alpes" or "Desert Pink." Autumn shades such as browns, yellows, and tans are set off beautifully with a lovely orange colour called "Canary Red."

HELENA RUBINSTEIN. Make-up to link with the season's colours is as follows: For *Flame*. "Dark Peaches and Cream" foundation, "Orange Fire" cream rouge, "Orange Fire" Staylong lipstick, "Bronze" silk face powder. For *Cerise*. "Pink Champagne" silk face powder, "Pink Tone" silk tone liquid rouge, "Pink Beauty" Staylong lipstick. For *Vintage Wine*. "Light Peaches and Cream" foundation, "Dark Peaches and Cream" silk face powder, "Plush Red" cream rouge, "Plush Red" Staylong lipstick.

YARDLEY. For *Pinks, Reds, Gentian, Deep Violet and Black*, "Pretty Pink" rouge and lipstick. For *Shocking Pinks, Intense Crimson, Pewter, and Railroad Grey*, "Gay Crimson" rouge and lipstick (this is also very becoming for blondes wearing black.) For *Reds*, from soft cherry to deepest blackberry, and for *Sapphire Blues*, "Cherry" rouge and lipstick. For *Orange Reds*, and *Lichen tones* of brown, coffee, chestnut and woodland greens, "Rose Coral" rouge and lipstick.

COTY. *Olive Green*. "Muted Beige" instant beauty foundation, "Muted Sun" face powder, "Vif" rouge, and "Bright" "24" lipstick. For *Blues*, "Continentale" instant beauty foundation, "Continentale" face powder, "Rose Satin" rouge, "Riviera Pink" or "Precious Pink" "24" lipstick.



THIS SUPERBLY finished tan hide travelling lady's case is now obtainable complete with bottles which are ready for filling. Price is £52 10s. The chintz "bed pocket" with a stiff flap to go under the mattress is priced at £1 15s. Both of these articles can be bought from Elizabeth Arden



A NEW RANGE of lipstick is always welcome. This season Yardley's have matched a set of shades, one of which is illustrated, blending with the prevailing fashion colours



EVENING COIFFURE created by Raymond of Mayfair. It is set off by the use of one of his effective hair ornaments. These are ingeniously fashioned from ribbons and beads



PROLOGUE to a perfect evening. Sequin bag (£6 15s.), candlesticks (£1 15s. each), 2 oz. bottle of Garon scent (£8 12s. 6d.), tray (£3 2s. 6d.), hand mirror (£3 3s.), powder bowl (£2 12s. 6d.), powderpuff (£1 9s. 6d.), scent spray (£6 14s. 6d.), compact (15s. 6d.), spray of orchids (£2 17s. 6d.). All from Marshall and Snelgrove

For Black. "Azalee" instant beauty foundation, "Azalee" face powder, "Dahlia" rouge, "Medium" or "Magnet Red" "24" lipstick. *For Orange Pink.* "Naturelle" instant beauty foundation, "Muted Rose" face powder, "Gitane" rouge, "Tulip Pink" "24" lipstick.

There is sometimes a little confusion as to whether the entire range of make-up, or only rouge and lipstick, should be chosen to tone with the colour of the dress. A good general rule is that rouge and lipstick should be chosen to flatter the colour you are wearing, and foundation and powder chosen to blend in with the tone of your skin. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, and so you will see that in two cases—Rubinstein and Coty—the entire range, including foundation and powder, have been teamed up to go with the different fashion colours. It is a matter of individual preference, and something about which you must make up your own mind, according to what suits you best.

- "CHERRY" by Yardley (left), is a true red lipstick that looks equally well with reds or blues. It reflects the tint of cherries and holly berries
- "PRECIOUS PINK," a Coty product, is a delicate pale pink very flattering to all pink tones. One of the new "24-hour" range for extended beauty
- "ROSE MAUVE," one of the "Stay-long" lipsticks from Helena Rubinstein, has a warm red-blue tone to go with wine colours and mauves
- "CANARY RED" (right). Elizabeth Arden's choice of an orange-red, matching browns, russets and other autumn colours so much in evidence





THESE bright separates by Pringle of Scotland are in a glowing shade of hibiscus red, comprising a classic cashmere twin-set and Terylene and wool skirt, permanently pleated and dyed to match. Twin set and skirt cost 20½ guineas at Dickins and Jones.

WOOL CLEARS THE HURDLES

By

Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

Fashion Editress



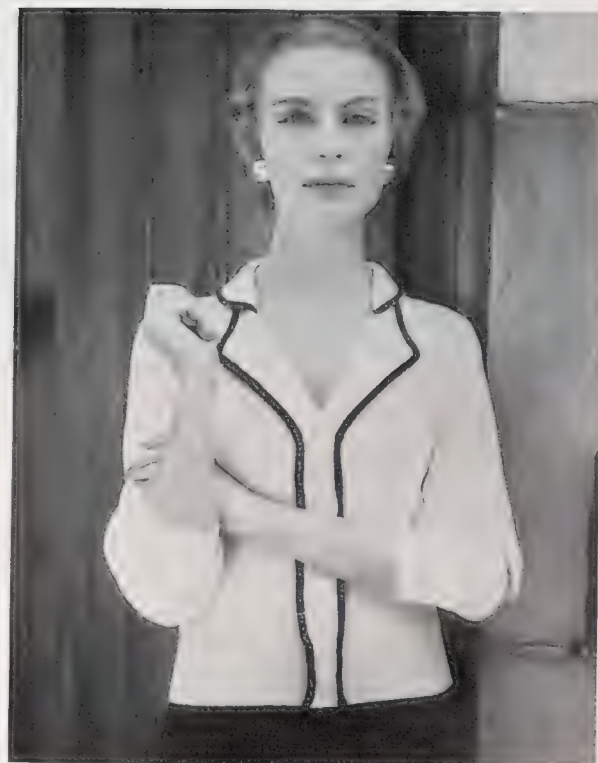
Michel Molinare



RIMA'S jacquard wool jersey sleeveless dress with matching jacket in turquoise check (above). From Robell, Baker Street, price £15 7s. 6d.

BRAEMAR'S softest cashmere jersey (left) in Persian red has a pleated front, a stand-up collar and three-quarter sleeves. It is also available in lambs-wool in various colours

SNOW-WHITE cardigan in heavy botany wool (right) with three-quarter sleeves is also from Braemar. The collar and the revers are edged with a contrasting colour



The sta



ANN TODD is famed for her acting ability and for her very English beauty, characterized by fair hair and lovely skin. She is shortly to be seen with Michael Redgrave in a new film called *Time Without Pity* and will star in George Bernard Shaw's play *The Doctor's Dilemma*, which opens on October 4 at the Saville Theatre. She has chosen Digby Morton's regal ball gown in white, grey and gold silk brocade. The dress has a single strap bodice and a wide skirt



sn their choices

Three prominent actresses of stage and screen choose a new dress for evening occasions

CORAL BROWNE is at present touring with the Old Vic Company in Canada and America where, among other roles, she is playing Lady Macbeth. She chose Mark Luker's elegant dress in black taffeta for important functions on the tour; it is draped with a flowing train



Michel Molinare

PHYLLIS KIRK, the talented young American actress, star of *The House Of Wax*, one of the first 3-D films shown in this country, and more recently *Johnny Concho*, is pictured in the evening dress by Digby Morton that she will wear in the new film that she is now making over here at Walton-on-Thames, as yet untitled. The dress is a charming short crinoline style in white and silver moire and comes from the new autumn collection



John French

A SHORT EVENING DRESS (above) comes from Linzi in sculptured nylon mounted on crackle nylon, a material exclusive to them. It has a charming bustle line and is in a gay floral design of blue, green and pink, on black or cream. It costs 16 gns. and is stocked by Bourne and Hollingsworth

Dressed for a party

THIS STRAPLESS evening dress in pure white lace from Julian Rose has a high draped bodice emphasized by a red satin cummerbund swathed high under the bust; perfect either for a young girl or for a sophisticated woman. It costs 30 gns. Stocked by Harrods

FOR THE SOPHISTICATED woman here is an evening dress (opposite page) by Mary Black. It is made in lime coloured French jersey, and is beautifully draped and moulded to the body, the bodice being embroidered in pearl and crystal. It costs approx. 38 gns. and is stocked by Woollands, of Knightsbridge





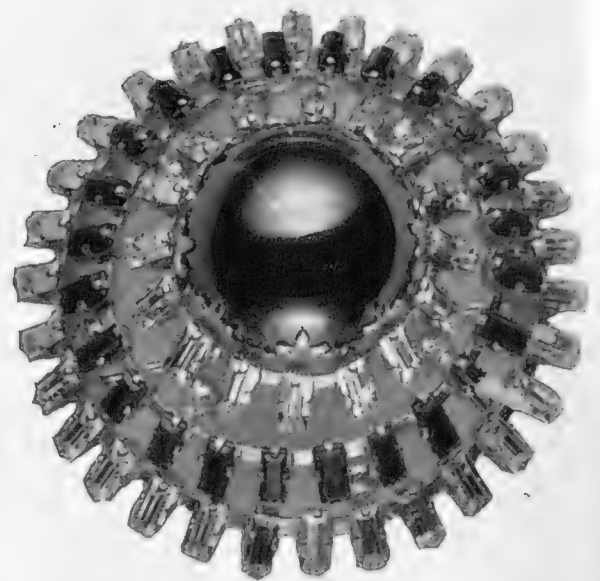
In trim to meet golden autumn

HERE are some of the very latest fashion accessories that will be worn during the 1956 autumn season. They include examples for both day and evening wear which are now being shown in the leading stores—JEAN CLELAND



A black and gold Stratton compact, convertible for loose or pressed powder. From Peter Robinson, price £3 2s. 6d.

An elegant Paisley silk shawl, which should go with any dress. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, £6 19s. 6d.



A brooch for the lapel of a cocktail suit, or that special little dress, in black and silver. Price £2 9s. 6d. from Peter Robinson

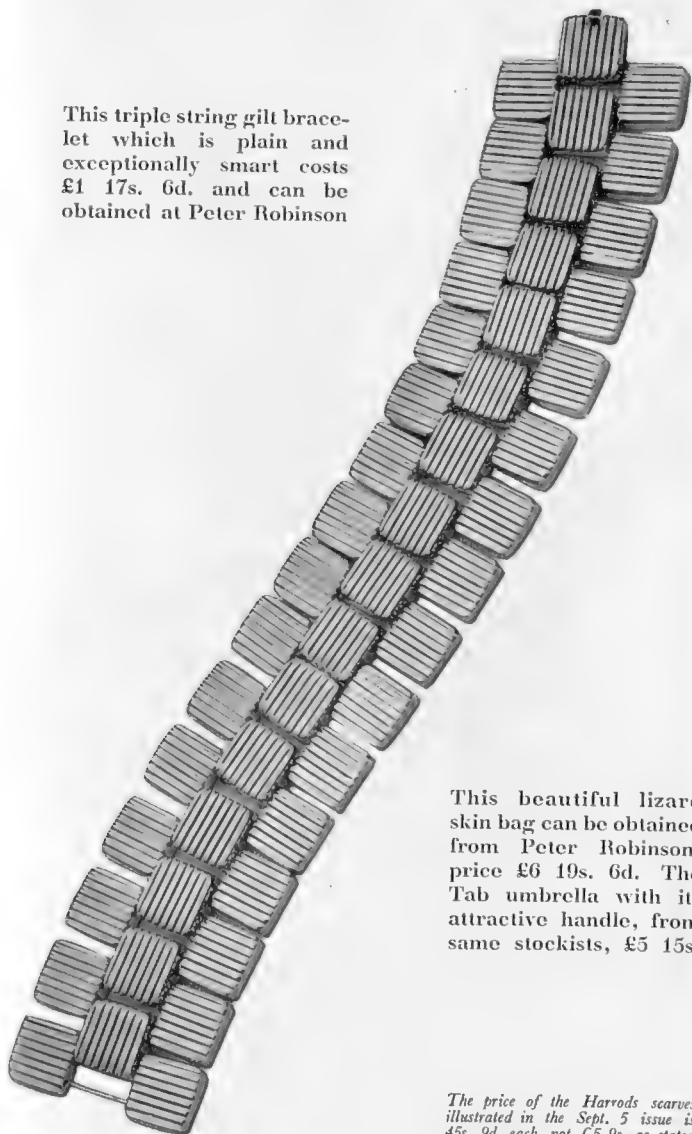
This Luxon plastic bag, with the look of Spanish leather about it, is very reasonably priced at £2 2s. 6d. Peter Robinson

A silk square in a gay and delicate design of flowers and lovers' knots. From Debenham and Freebody, price £4 19s. 6d.



The ruched rayon gloves (left) are 16s. 11d. and the embroidered rayon pair £1 3s. 9d. Both may be had from Peter Robinson

This triple string gilt bracelet which is plain and exceptionally smart costs £1 17s. 6d. and can be obtained at Peter Robinson



This beautiful lizard skin bag can be obtained from Peter Robinson, price £6 19s. 6d. The Tab umbrella with its attractive handle, from same stockists, £5 15s.

The price of the Harrods scarves illustrated in the Sept. 5 issue is 45s. 9d. each, not £5 9s. as stated



Dennis Smith

FASHION NEWS at *peter Robinson*



Lovely for legs

stockings by **MORLEY**

VISION

15 denier nylon, sheer grace, long life combining beauty with strength. 9/11

DAYLONG

40 denier lightweight nylon crepe, elegance with durability. 16/11

COBWEB

15 denier nylon, town mesh. 10/11

MEDINA

Service weight rayon and silk. 7/11



handsome for hands

gloves by **MORLEY**

SHOWERPROOF fabric gloves repel water and are unaffected by rain or water-borne stains, a wide array of fashionable colours. Sizes 6-7½, 8/11 pair.

PIQUE SEWN DINGO GLOVES. From the West of England classic pull-on style in Oatmeal, Natural, Light Mushroom, Sherry or Grey. Sizes 6¼-7½, 19/11 pair.

HANDSEWN DINGO GLOVES. Pull-on style made from specially selected skins, suitable for driving etc. In Oatmeal and Natural shades. Sizes 6¼-7½, 27/9 pair.

Real Dingo gloves are very hard wearing they wash perfectly too.



FASHION NEWS at *peter Robinson*

Elegance fashioned for your figure-

SHORT, AVERAGE OR TALL -

by

Elmoor



Fine tweed suit with an elegant air, new soft shoulderline, crescent pockets and slender skirt. Blue, green, cognac or red. Hips 36"-42" Average and long lengths.

9 gns.

Wide-span collar stresses a shapely waist. Becoming fitted coat in pure wool and mohair in mushroom, moss green, kingfisher, wine. Hips 36"-40" (short) hips 36"-42" (average)

12½ gns.

Sophisticated styling in charcoal grey worsted, touched with velvet at collar and pockets. Also in black or navy worsted barathe. Hips 36"-42" Average and long lengths.

12½ gns.

The charm of simple styling, with this season's low-set collar, full sleeves. In red, royal, donkey, moss. Hips 36"-42" Average and long lengths.

Wool velour.

9½ gns.



Michel Molinare

PERFECT for autumn is Elmoor's fitted suit in charcoal grey melange barathea, costing 14 gns. The coat, also by Elmoor, is in charcoal grey wool and mohair cloth in a warm wrap-around style, the wide rever collar half trimmed in velvet, price 12½ gns. The white, feather trimmed hat, price 94s. 6d., and the cossack hat which is in long-haired melusine, are worn low on the forehead. Clothes and accessories from Peter Robinson

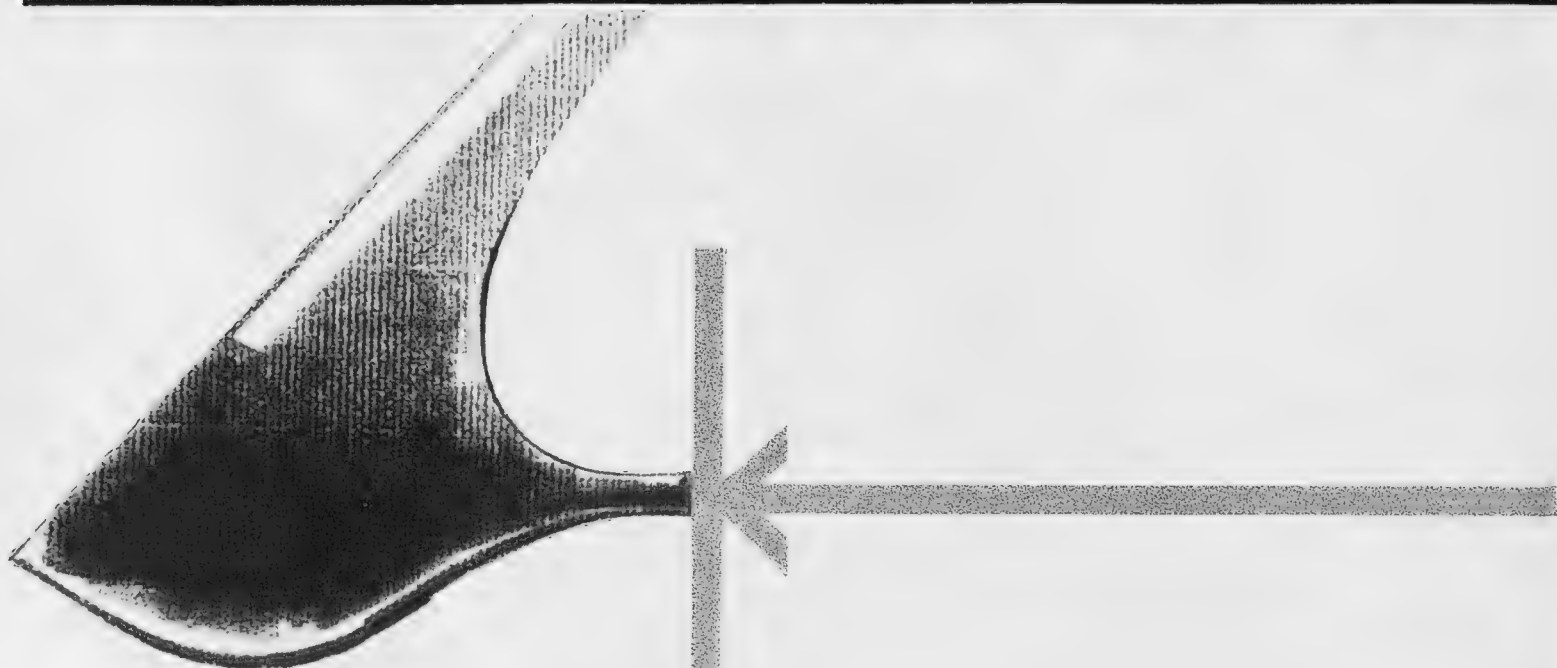
WARMTH AND CHIC

CHOICE
FOR THE
WEEK





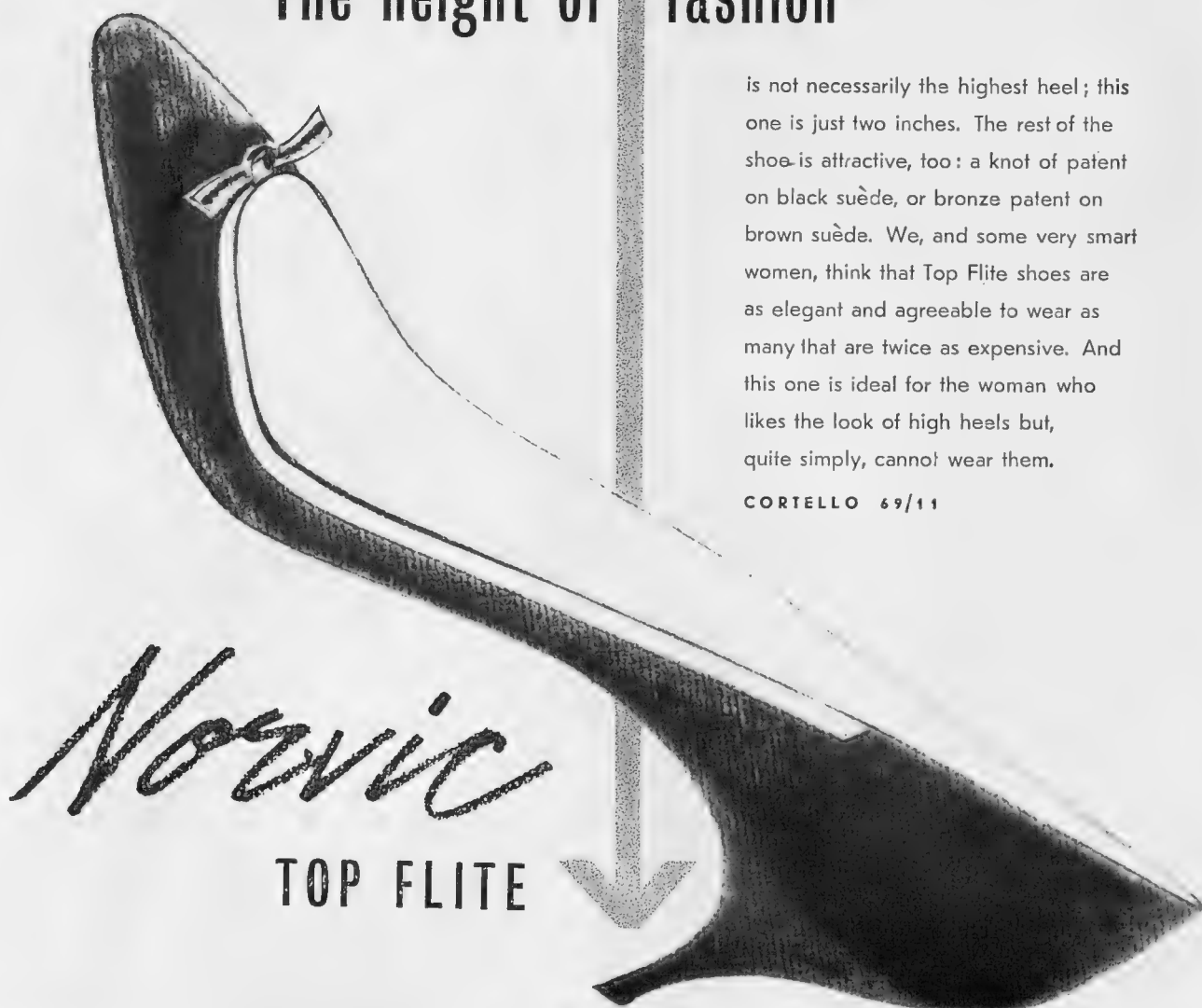
FASHION NEWS at *peter Robinson*



The height of fashion

is not necessarily the highest heel; this one is just two inches. The rest of the shoe is attractive, too: a knot of patent on black suède, or bronze patent on brown suède. We, and some very smart women, think that Top Flite shoes are as elegant and agreeable to wear as many that are twice as expensive. And this one is ideal for the woman who likes the look of high heels but, quite simply, cannot wear them.

CORTELLO 69/11



Noetic
TOP FLITE

FASHION NEWS at *peter Robinson*

Simulation
PHANTOM BEAVER
36 gns

Simulation
SAPPHIRE MINK
41 gns



- ★ Unbelievably warm.
- ★ Showerproof.
- ★ Light in weight.
- ★ Mothproof.
- ★ Odourless.
- ★ Non-inflammable.
- ★ Washable.

Astraka
nylon
FURLEEN
REGD



SHAPES AND SIZES

MR. G. G. HERRING, whose photograph appears below, is the Managing Director of Peter Robinson who introduced the now famous "Peter Robinson Sizing Plan" which caters for women of every height from 5 ft. to 6 ft. 2 in. with hip measurements from 34 in. to 52 in. A wealth of available fittings for figures, short, average, and tall, now enables any woman shopping at Peter Robinson to find a size and style suited to her needs. The buyers visit the Continent frequently to see collections and then adapt original models to suit women of all sizes at very reasonable prices.

They also specialize in fashions for the fuller figure. The ballerina length horizontally tucked cocktail dress is in black rayon organza. It comes in all sizes, price 19½ gns. The full length white net evening dress encrusted with embroidery comes in all sizes and costs 20 gns.





John French

FASHION NEWS at *peter Robinson*

Showerproof in military style

by



EXCLUSIVE TO
PETER ROBINSON

Military style
showerproof exclusive
to Peter Robinson in
cotton gaberdine with
quilted 'Thermalux',
wonderfully warm
yet very lightweight,
lining the bodice for
extra warmth. Beige,
marigold, citron.
With matching hat.
Lengths 44", 46½",
48½", 51".

£5.19.6

THE LONG LINE IN WOOL

by




· Knitwear at its loveliest!

Style No. 4237 (left) Polo-neck
sweater with traverse rib front and
neat pockets. Black, white, gold,
fiesta pink, powder and oyster.

65/-

Style No. 3237 (right) Raglan-sleeve
ribbed cardigan with mitre pockets.
Black, white, gold, fiesta pink, powder,
oyster and navy.

67/6

FASHION NEWS at *peter Robinson*

Winter coat Theme

by

Rumonte



ELEGANCE AFTER 6-O'CLOCK...

In lustrous velvet with new draped sleeves and soft shoulderline. Black, blue, wine or green. Hips 36" - 42".

19 gns.

Velvet crescent hat in two-tone silk velvet—hand-made. Available in any colour velvet.

5½ gns.

*Millinery by
Peter Robinson*



DAY-LONG SMARTNESS...

In rich mohair fabric, with buttoned side-tabs and matching cuffs, snug collar of beaver lamb. Black, red, green or blue. Hips 36" - 42".

13½ gns.

Fine quality fur felt Eastern influenced flower pot hat, swathed with two-tone peach bloom. Available in all jewel colours.

55/9

FASHION NEWS at *peter Robinson*

Goodwyn

CREATIONS
EXCLUSIVE TO
PETER ROBINSON



Elegant evening sweater in fine wool jersey with flattering neckline finished with Parisian beaded embroidery, and $\frac{3}{4}$ cuffed sleeves. Tan, wild rice with two-tone bronze beading; also black. Bust 34"-40" **89/6**



Day or evening sweater in fine jersey wool, with deep V neckline and $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves. Black, royal, light blue. Bust 34"-40" **39/6**

"I ALWAYS GO TO
peter Robinson
FIRST!"



A smart woman is only as smart as she knows

She's smart if Aristoc stockings mean quality to her . . .

She's smarter if Aristoc stockings also mean variety of styles and colour . . .

But she's smartest of all if Aristoc stockings are what she won't do without

fashion looks to
Aristoc

ASCOT—Night and day bewitching Aristoc are sheer delight to wear. These whisper-soft, gossamer-fine 15 denier, 60 gauge nylons have a special 40-twist yarn which makes them wear and wear. 10/6 a pair.

LANSDOWNE—Semi-sheer leg flattery for every-day wear. 30 denier nylon 51 gauge, they have a special balance twist yarn which gives them extra cling and an exceptionally long life. 8/11 a pair.

VIDURA—Two threads of 12 denier nylon, woven together, make these the most versatile of Aristoc's stockings. Tantalizingly fine but strong as strong, these stockings go anywhere, do anything—and look good wherever they are. 12/6 a pair.
And the widest range of other fine stockings for every possible occasion. From 16/11 to 6/11.



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS



Miss Shuna Mary Service, the daughter of Mr. G. R. Service, of the White House, Great Sampford, Essex, and of Mrs. Russell Weilenman, of The Hall, Tendring, Essex, is engaged to Mr. George Erasmus Darwin, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Darwin, of Tangle Mere, Chilworth, Surrey

Miss June Audrey Oldham, twin daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. A. S. Oldham, of Arborfield, Hawkhurst, Kent, who announced her engagement earlier this year to Mr. Michael Charles Inglis, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Inglis, of Stoke Green, Bucks

Miss Sara V. Hardman, daughter of Air Chief Marshal Sir Donald and Lady Hardman, of Trevor Place, S.W.7, is engaged to Sir Jonathan North, Bt., son of the Hon. John North, of Montagu Square, W.1, and of Mrs. M. N. North, of Brinton, Norfolk

Miss Valerie Joan Lambooy, younger daughter of Maj.-Gen. A. P. Lambooy, of Oakwood Court, W.14, and of the late Mrs. Lambooy, is engaged to Mr. John Graham Esplen, of Lowndes Street, S.W.1, only son of Sir Graham Esplen, Bt., of Heron Bridge, Newsham, Yorkshire, and of Lady Esplen, of Redesdale, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Lady Frances Hay, youngest daughter of the Marquess of Tweeddale, and of the late Marchioness of Tweeddale, has announced her engagement to Mr. Nigel Arthur Pearson, only son of Sir Neville Pearson, Bt., of Hyde Park Gardens, London, W.2, and of the late the Hon. Mrs. C. W. Horderu



Miss Elizabeth Ann Lamplugh, only daughter of the Bishop of Southampton, and Mrs. Lamplugh, of The Close, Winchester, is engaged to Lt. Stephen W. Pakenham, R.N. (retd.), younger son of Capt. and Mrs. Thomas Pakenham, of The Croft House, Botley, and Kaptagat, Kenya



Miss Jean Alice Prior, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. R. Prior, of Highfields, Stanstead Abbots, Herts, is to marry Mr. Stanley K. C. Attenborough, younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. Attenborough, of Drummondville, Canada, and of Stelling Minnis, Kent



Miss Corinne Frederica Hipper-son, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Hipperson, of Fridays, The Crescent, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, is engaged to Mr. Ronald Gordon Birrell, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Birrell, of Lammermuir, Loughton, Essex

THEY WERE MARRIED



Farquhar—Vian. Capt. Edward Vivian Farquhar, XI Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), of Highfield House, Cirencester, son of Mr. Guy Farquhar, and of Mrs. John Hanbury-Tracy, of Onslow Square, S.W.7, married Miss Polly Vian, daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Philip and Lady Vian, of Ashford Hill, Hants



Rowan Hamilton—Blakiston Houston. Mr. Gavin Rowan Hamilton, son of the late Brig. Guy Rowan Hamilton, and of Mrs. Rowan Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, Co. Down, married Miss Mary Blakiston Houston, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. M. Blakiston Houston, of Beltrim Castle, Co. Tyrone, at St. Patrick's, Gortin



Noble—Taylor-Young. Mr. James Douglas Campbell Noble, son of the late Capt. F. B. Noble, R.N., and of Mrs. E. M. Noble, of Old Barn, Churt, Surrey, was recently married to Miss Patricia Jean Taylor-Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Taylor-Young, of the Red House, Salisbury, Wiltshire, at Salisbury Cathedral



Stourton—Abbott. Mr. Nigel John Ivo Stourton, elder son of Mr. I. H. E. J. Stourton, of Iverna Gardens, W.8, and of the late Mrs. Lilian Stourton, married Miss Rosemary J. R. Abbott, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. M. J. Abbott, at Beccles, Suffolk



Leaf—Farquhar. Mr. Antony Noel Gordon Leaf, younger son of Major J. G. Leaf, late 15th The King's Hussars, and Mrs. J. G. Leaf, of Copse Hill, Osmaston, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, married Miss Antonia Farquhar, only daughter of Mr. Guy Farquhar and Mrs. John Hanbury-Tracy, of Onslow Square, S.W.7, at St. Paul's, Onslow Square



Tatham—Colby. Mr. John Charles Jeremy Tatham, of Old Brompton Road, S.W.7, only child of the late Major C. W. Lockwood Tatham, and of Mrs. Tatham, married Miss Christine Elizabeth Colby, daughter of Sir Geoffrey Colby, K.C.M.G., and Lady Colby, of Hanlith Hall, Skipton, Yorks, at St. Paul's Church, Onslow Square, S.W.7

The Editor very much regrets that owing to an error by the photographers, Portman Press, the captions of these two photographs were wrongly assigned in a previous issue



WALPAMUR QUALITY PAINTS, long the choice of the discriminating, are to be seen everywhere — in town and country, in mansion and cottage, in domestic and public buildings of all kinds. Walpamur Water Paint, the standard by which others are judged, enjoys an international reputation rapidly being attained by Duradio Enamel Paint in its own class. In the full range are paints, enamels and varnishes of the same superbly high standard for every conceivable need.



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TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
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Write for shade cards and information to
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After a painting by David Cobb, R.O.I., S.M.A.

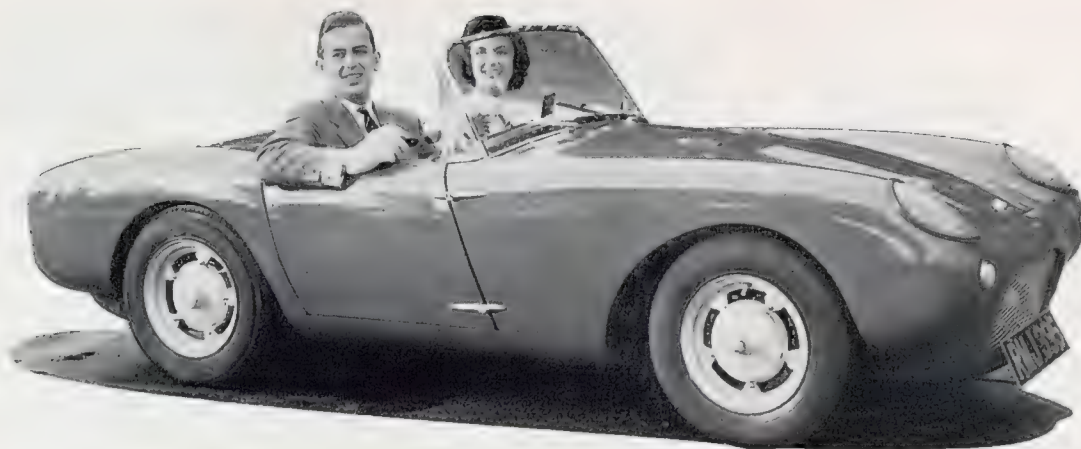
THE KING'S STAIRS

THESE famous steps in Portsmouth Dockyard were first called the King's Stairs in June 1773 when King George III used them to embark for Britain's first Naval Review and for many years thereafter nobody, except Naval officers, might set foot on them. To-day the King's Stairs are as free to the public as the Queen's highways, but through eight reigns the traditional name has been unchanged.

True to tradition...

*Player's
Please*





THE BERKELEY is Britain's new two-seater sports car. Powered by an Anzani twin-cylinder engine, it has a top speed of 70 m.p.h. and a 55 m.p.g. petrol consumption. It has front wheel drive, independent suspension on all four wheels, and a weight of only 5½ cwt. because of its fibreglass body. Price including p.t. £575

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

A POWER STEERING ROLLS-ROYCE

WE do not expect drastic changes in Rolls-Royce cars. The company's traditional methods are well known and have proved through the years to be sound. But the introduction this year of power steering in the Silver Wraith is a matter of importance. This form of steering is an extra, as is the more sophisticated air conditioning equipment, with refrigeration for use in hot climates.

Power steering is almost certainly going to come into general use for large size cars. It is a boon when manoeuvring in a garage or a parking space and, provided there is the utmost precision in the detail design, it is satisfactory at high speeds. I will not say that it can be more satisfactory than ordinary, manual steering at high speeds because I do not think that that would be an accurate statement.

At speed, a well-designed manual steering is not only directing the car, it is also providing the driver with continuous information. It is giving him the "feel" of what is happening. The danger with power steering resides in the elimination of this feel. It can be simulated, but some contend that it need not be.

MY experience of power steering is limited to a few hundred miles and so I hesitate to pronounce. All that I can confirm is that, at low speeds, it is an improvement.

As for the Bentley cars, the Continental will have certain modifications, among them a higher compression ratio. Compression ratio is the decisive factor in power and consumption. The higher the compression ratio, other things being equal, the

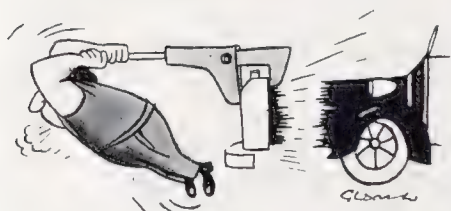
higher the power and the better the fuel consumption to the horse power developed. But the amount by which the compression ratio of a car can be raised is dependent upon the fuel it will use.

We have read a great deal lately about the new fuels which the big oil companies have put upon the market. Their outstanding value is concerned with their high anti-knock rating. They enable higher compression ratios to be used in car engines without risk of detonation. The new Bentley Continental engine has a compression ratio of 8 to 1 against the 7.25 to 1 of existing models.

Carburation has also received attention in both the Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars. The Silver Wraith now has twin S.U. carburettors and the Bentley Continental has two S.U. carburettors with larger throat diameter than the earlier ones.

I MUST add something about the coachwork that will be found at Earls Court on the Rolls-Royce and Bentley chassis. On the Silver Wraith will be the Park Ward Touring Saloon in shell grey with red hide upholstery. This car will have left-hand drive, the power steering and the refrigeration unit. On the same type of chassis there will also be the Hooper 7-passenger, enclosed limousine and the Mulliner touring limousine.

Two Bentley Continentals are to be shown according to present arrangements. They will be a Mulliner saloon with the new 8 to 1 compression ratio engine, the larger carburettors and the larger inlet valves, and a Park Ward saloon. The "S" series will be shown in the standard Bentley saloon form.



PRINCE GEORG OF DENMARK stands outside the Danish Embassy in London beside the model of the new 2.4 litre Jaguar saloon which he has acquired

DINING OUT

A spirited team

How the word "Quag's" takes people back to before the war when it was without a doubt one of the most fashionable restaurants and night spots in town. Anybody who was a celebrity in those days used it almost as if it were a club, in particular the Prince of Wales and his friends who were regular visitors.

Despite time's inexorable march the situation is much the same today. It is a smart and gay establishment. To start with there is Quaglino's Restaurant in the charge of M. Louis Muller who has been there for six years. In a life of considerable and varied experience he has spent eighteen years at *Ciro's*. Here, after something to sharpen your appetite in the cocktail bar which is presided over by Tony Roque, an expert bartender, you can lunch in comfort. Or else dine and dance into the next day to various bands which succeed each other without a break, while around midnight there is the cabaret where "Hutch" recently had such a great success. The cuisine provides almost anything you can think of, and the quality is the first order with the right sort of wine list in support.

Down below there is the *Allegro Restaurant*, beautifully air-conditioned, managed by M. Luparia who has been at Quag's for ten years. He has worked in luxury hotels all over Europe and was at one time head waiter at the *Savoy*.

THE *Allegro* also has a cocktail bar and although the restaurant is smaller than Quag's it has the same bright atmosphere with the same high standard of cuisine and service. Here too you can dine and dance non-stop and enjoy a cabaret.

Mainspring of all this activity is Quaglino's Hotel, which used to be known as the *Hotel Meurice*, where a single room with private bathroom will cost you from £2 7s. 6d.

There are also many private suites of great charm from £4 10s. a day, and here indeed you can escape from the turmoil of the West End into the tranquillity of your own apartment with all the facilities that Quag's can offer just down the stairs.

The *Maître chef de cuisine* at Quaglino's is Livio Borra who is one of the youngest chefs in London. He, although Italian born, speaks English like a Londoner having been here since a boy of fourteen when he started as an apprentice at the *Piccadilly Hotel*. He remained there for over eleven years having reached the rank of *Chef de Parti* at the age of eighteen.

He came to Quaglino's in 1935 and has cooked for a vast number of celebrities since that date, including Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen Mother.



Tom Blau

A. L. JONES, usually known as Fred, is the chief bartender of Wheelers Restaurants. Here he is seen in the attractive bar of the cocktail lounge at the famous Ivy Restaurant. Fred has been bartending for over thirty years and lives at Shoreham-by-Sea

If there is anything he really enjoys preparing himself it is sauces. He is a master at blending mushrooms, truffles, white wine, cream and other concomitants for his fish sauces in which no flour is used.

I LUNCHEd there recently with the eminent George Gulley. We had among other things *Suprême de Grouse Quaglino* for which we had to wait forty-five minutes. It was well worth the waiting; the sauce was a marvel. I cannot remember exactly how it was made, but I believe that, having removed the *Suprêmes*, the rest of the grouse was chopped up raw and cooked in some way with sherry, cream, butter, and a shot of brandy at the finish to give it the final flavour.



Around the corner in Jermyn Street is another Quaglino enterprise, the *Apéritif Grill*, where those who get their pleasure out of good food, good wine, good company and conversation without being distracted by a dance band and the cavorting of the dancers, can eat in peace. Not only has it a fine restaurant but a cocktail bar upstairs with a buttery adjacent, which is very useful for something quick before the theatre. They have wine by the glass or the demi-carafe, and here you can get a little music if you want it because Anne de Nys is at the piano

in the cocktail bar to play your own requests.

The whole affair has been directed by Leo Ertioni since 1936. He was at Claridge's when World War One broke out, when he joined the Royal Norfolks.

The *maître chef de cuisine* is Patrick Kinane who was a *sous chef* at the *Apéritif* before the war, served with the Royal Air Force from the year 1941 to 1946, returned as second chef, and got the top job in 1952.

The success of an enterprise like Quag's with so many departments depends on team spirit, for without it the separate enterprises could lack a vital common denominator and would tend to go their own ways in competition instead of co-operation. This spirit, however, is abundantly present to the advantage of all.

RECENTLY I went to a tasting of Hungarian wines at the Hungaria, where I met Andre Mazzulo, the general manager, who has been there since 1928, and whom I had last seen when I went to Whitstable for the opening of the oyster season.

The wine that interested me most was the "Egri Bikaver" which translated literally means "Bull's Blood of Eger." It is deep red in colour, fairly dry, smooth, with a good deal of body to it, and at around 10s. a bottle is very good value. This excellent wine originates in the vineyards of northern Hungary between the mountains of Mátra Hegység and Bükk Hegység.

It was a coincidence that having spent the evening drinking "Bull's Blood" at the Hungaria, I should find myself the next morning drinking Żubrówka at Niki's Restaurant—Chez Luba—in Draycott Avenue.

This described itself on the label as "Bison Brand Vodka—A Produce of Poland" and went on to explain that it was flavoured with an extract of Żubrówka, the fragrant herb beloved by the European bison—who thus shows his good taste.

I can see that if one was in urgent need of some concentrated nourishment it might be a good idea to start a meal with some of this "Bison's Grass" and a mound of caviar, to be followed up with some "Bull's Blood" and a good fat fillet steak.

—I. Bickerstaff



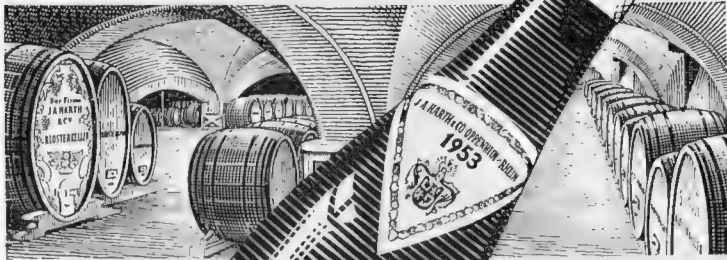
Ivon de Wynter

GERARD LEACH of the Burford Bridge Hotel, Box Hill, Surrey, has been in the hotel business for twenty-five years. The Burford Bridge, situated in one of the most famous beauty spots of Surrey, is a charming hotel with many historic and literary associations

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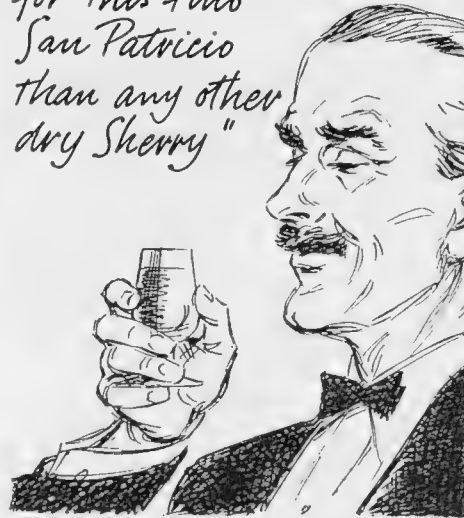
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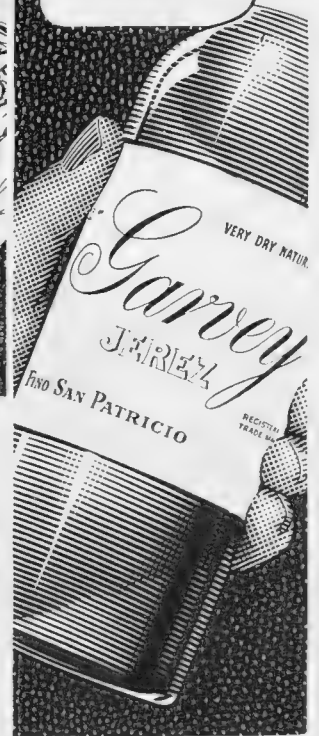


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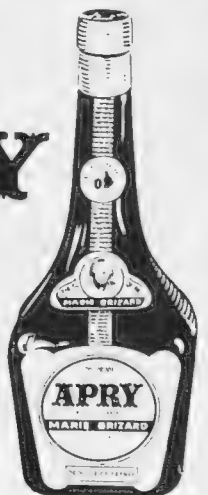


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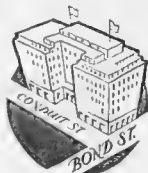
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DINING IN

Cooking the king of game birds

GROUSE, partridge and, next week, pheasant, "Honour to whom honour is due," writes Henri-Paul Pellaprat in his *Modern Culinary Art*, "and so we begin this chapter by recipes for the king of game birds: the Pheasant."

Of the shooting of pheasants, hatched by humble broody barnyard hens and then brought up on such foods as boiled rabbits and biscuit meal, it was once said: "Up goes a pound, bang goes a penny and down comes half a crown." That, at the time, was the market value of the bird but no one, at the moment, knows what the price will be next week.

For me, the first pheasant of the season must be roasted to a turn and that means "just," no more. Most of us overcook game birds. When the slices cut off from the breast are smooth, the bird is properly cooked; when they are rough, the bird, in my opinion, has been over-done. A pheasant can be juicy, but many people have never noticed this! Another thing: in common with all game birds, the flesh is on the breast, with very little on the back. So, for the greater part of the time, do roast it on its breast—preferably on a V-shaped poultry rack or, less ideally, on the grid from the grill pan.

Inside this first pheasant have a nice large piece of butter into which a little salt and pepper have been worked. While the bird cooks, the seasoned melted butter will seep through. To make sure of this, I have gone so far as to force little holes through the breastbone from the inside but, somehow, I think I am a little over-anxious.

THE poulterer will have wrapped the bird in unsmoked bacon. Never use smoked bacon for this as that would introduce a flavour other than that of the bird itself. Fat pork simply lubricates and keeps the skin soft. Remove the fat 10 to 15 minutes before the end of cooking. The total time and temperature I would give to a good-sized prime young bird are 45 to 50 minutes at 400 deg. F., or gas mark 6. If you prefer the slower, longer cooking time, which is becoming so popular, give the bird 1 hour 20 minutes at 350 deg. F., or gas mark 3 to 4, or even a little below these heats. Serve with the usual trimmings—gravy, fried breadcrumbs and game chips. Swede turnips, too (which pheasants love!). Boil, well drain and mash them. Add a nice piece of butter, salt to taste and plenty of freshly-milled black pepper.

Perhaps you would like to have your second roast pheasant stuffed? Escoffier and the other great chefs do some extraordinary things in the stuffing of pheasants, but I have simplified the whole business (with apologies to them all!). *Foie gras*, for instance, was not, at one time, the terribly expensive commodity it is today, but as you can get some very good liver sausages, why not try some of them? Gently cook the pheasant liver in a little butter, chop it and add it to about $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. liver sausage. Add seasoning to taste and fill the bird with the mixture. Roast as above.



"WINE MAKING EQUIPMENT," an illustration from *Amateur Wine Making* (Faber, 21s.), in which S. M. Tritton guides the novice between the pitfalls of this fascinating and rewarding art until he is able to produce a very creditable product. Beverages from the vine and a multitude of other fruit and flowers, including the apricot and the coltsfoot—not to mention oak leaves and stewed tea—are given full recipes

If this seems a little on the rich side for your taste, add 2 tablespoons of the finest crumbs from day-old bread. (What an abomination that unsavoury word "stale" is when applied to bread used for stuffings and the like!)

From what may remain inside the pheasant and the bits and pieces from the framework of the bird, you may salvage enough to make a little *pâté en terrine*, with the addition, perhaps, of another $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of liver sausage. Add, too, if you like, a minced cooked sausage or small piece of cooked pork. Press all into a terrine, cover with melted butter and the dish is ready for next day's lunch.

Braising is grand for slightly older birds. Put the pheasant in a casserole with nothing but a little butter and a sprinkle each of salt and pepper. Seal the lid with a paste made of flour and water and leave for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours in a warm oven (325 to 350 deg. F., or gas mark 3, depending on your oven). Serve as plain as possible with, perhaps, potato croquettes and a simple green salad.

FOR *Pheasant en Cocotte*, cook the bird as above, but without the flour-and-water paste. I use 2 to 3 thicknesses of wet greaseproof paper as a "sealer" and, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours after it has been in the oven, add as many whole tiny onions as liked, first gently browned in butter, and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. unopened small mushrooms, also gently cooked in butter, but not browned. I cover the casserole again and finish the cooking. With this dish I like to serve braised celery.

And here is pheasant with a thick cream sauce. Braise it in butter as above, first seasoning it very lightly. Remove and keep warm. To the casserole add a good teacup of double cream and, if liked, a measure of sherry. Season to taste. Return to the oven for the cream to cook and thicken, while you cut the pheasant into serving pieces. As you cut them, add them to the sauce and let them very gently heat through thoroughly. The ideal, of course, is not to let the pheasant cool.

FROM the Food Fair at Olympia I brought back two recipes, given to me by Mr. Pavel Vas, Director of the Rumanian Chamber of Commerce's stand. (At his kind invitation I had already sampled both dishes.) I also brought back with me the largest aubergines I have ever seen. One, weighing 2 lb., was 10 inches long and nearly 16 inches in circumference at its widest part! Puny, indeed, are the aubergines we usually see!

For Aubergine Salad ("Salata de Vinete"), grill a whole egg-plant and then remove its skin and stem. Chop it very finely. (It is essential here that the utensils should be of wood.) Mix with olive oil to a creamy consistency, together with finely chopped onions and salt to taste. Serve on croutons of bread. Tomatoes can also be used to "go" with this.

Here are Meat Balls ("Kephtelutze"). Mince a clove of garlic, an onion and a potato. Add 2 slices of day-old bread (first soaked and squeezed out of cold water), a beaten egg, a pinch of bicarbonate of soda and pepper and salt to taste. Form into tiny balls and fry in olive oil.

These "Jumbo" aubergines are not yet on the market here, but I look forward to the day they will be.

—Helen Burke



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Clayton Evans

THOMAS COSTAIN, the Canadian author, whose historical novels *The Silver Chalice* and *The Black Rose* have had immense success, has just published his longest book, the 1,000-page *The Tontine* (Collins, 21s.), a panoramic novel of the 19th century

Book Reviews

[Continuing from page 623]

PENGUINS' twenty-first birthday is celebrated by the appearance of **The Penguin Story** (1s.). This publishing enterprise, which has changed the nature and shape of reading, has been with us since 1935. Few of us now could envisage life without it—was there ever a time when one could not pick up something first-rate to read, in bright-coloured comely format, at the smallest village stationers' or remotest bookstall? This excellent brief account of the initiation and growth of Penguins (with, alongside, the Pelicans, the Puffins, the Penguin Classics) is the work of Sir William Emrys Williams, C.B.E., who has been associated with the firm for twenty years. The illustrations are many and effective.

★ ★ ★

ANTHONY SAMPSON with **Drum** (Collins, 16s.) claims attention in his straightforward pithy account of "a venture into the new Africa." The author tackled problems from his own angle—that of incoming English editor of a Johannesburg magazine for Africans. He took over at the invitation of his Oxford friend Jim Bailey, proprietor of "Drum," at a time when the circulation was dropping. In finding out what African readers *did* want, he found out about the real modern Africa. His having arrived not only with no experience but without any preconceived "views" proved an advantage. He went where he chose, making friends where and as he liked. Among the most stalwart are his African colleagues.

One resolve he made at the start: to keep clear of politics. This was not so easy. His aim was a non-controversial, popular magazine: lovely dusky pin-ups adorned "Drum's" covers; sports reporting and jazz news were always features. A great deal of new talent was unearthed by him. It is evident, though he is modest, that Mr. Sampson as editor did a fine job. Investigation of subjects of interest to "Drum" readers led to several surprising, some grim, discoveries—these, borne out by photographs, he relays to us. Not the least lively parts of the book *Drum* picture Sophiatown, with its shebeens and jive dens, and Orlando, that run-down dormitory town.



Harrods
—of course

The coat that invites a backward glance for its fashion detail at a new level. A 'Jeunes Filles' model in camel-coloured wool, chosen from the Heim Room, first floor—at Harrods of Knightsbridge. Tel: SLO 1234.

Who is she?

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Hershelle
MODEL

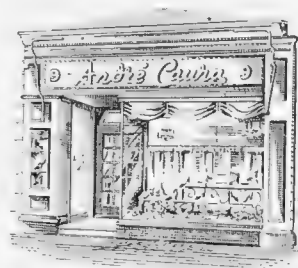
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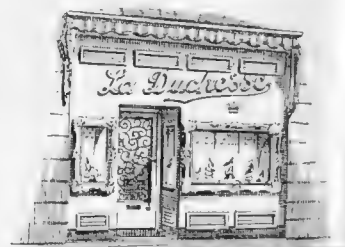


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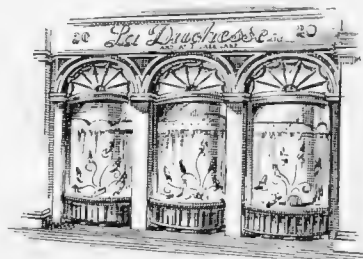
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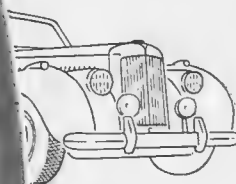
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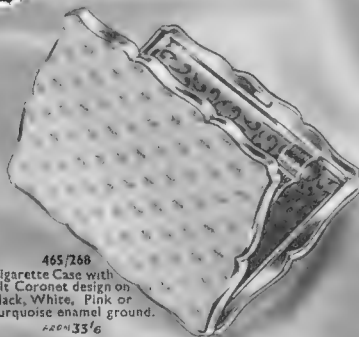


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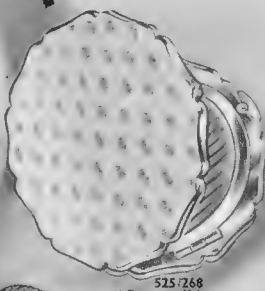
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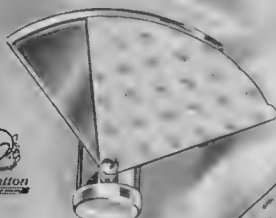
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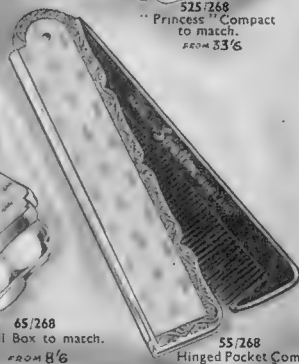
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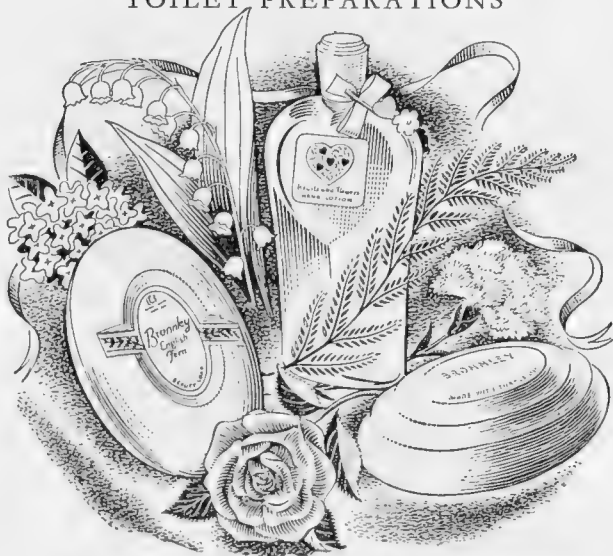
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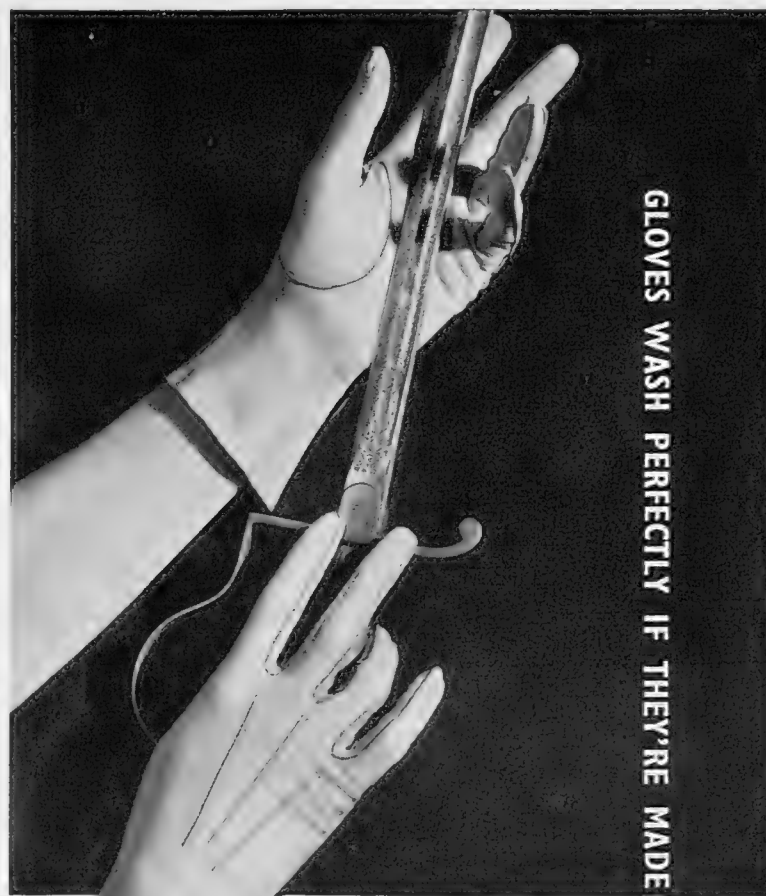


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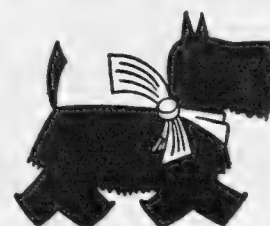
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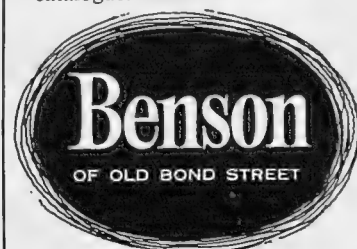
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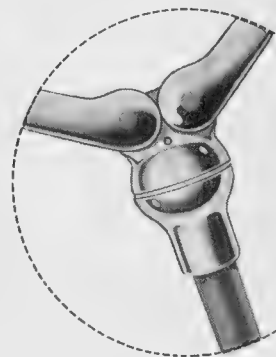
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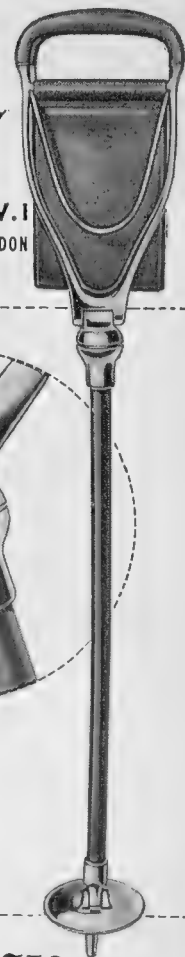
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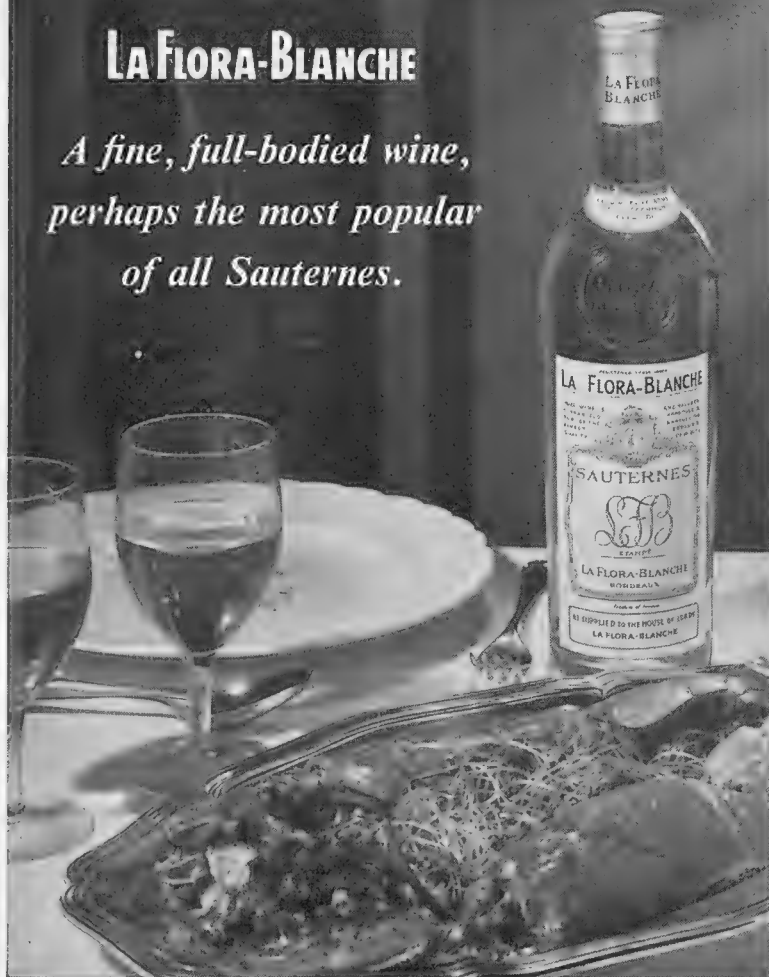


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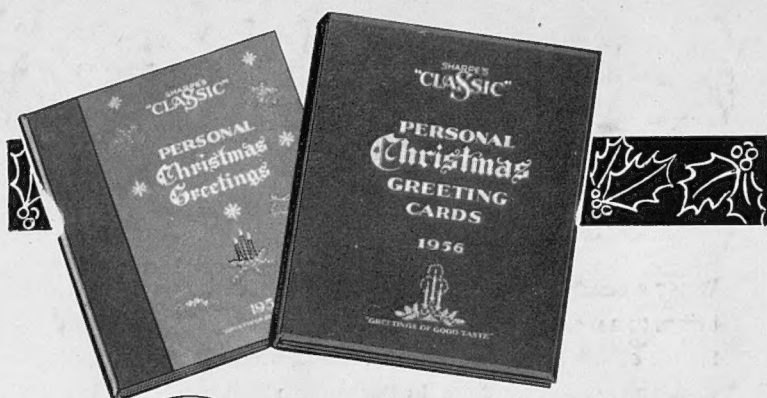
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